THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

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MAHAVIRA

THE MAN OF DAUNTLESS ENERGY

"Virya, the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal Truth, out of the mire of lies terrestrial."—*The Voice of the Silence*

The religious beliefs and customs of the Jains are so closely akin to those of the Hindus that Jainism is generally regarded as a phase or an aspect of Hinduism. Why is it that, although there is a striking parallelism between Jainism and Buddhism, both of which are offshoots of Hinduism, the world recognizes Buddhism as a separate religion more readily than it does Jainism? Is it not because the religion of the Jinas, unlike that of the Buddhas, has been a living influence, existing side by side with Hinduism—almost merged in it? Buddhism arose as a protest against the corruption of Hindu society caused by religious superstition, dogmatism and ignorance, and so it more naturally assumed the form of a religion distinct from Hinduism. Jainism seems to have originated as a Mystic School whose pupils followed a discipline of life; in the course of ages this Order grew in proportions and perhaps what was once esoteric in its teachings has become submerged in what is now the exoteric.

Gautama Buddha and Vardhamana Mahavira were contemporaries; both were of the Kshatriya clan with an aristocratic lineage; both renounced the world in quest of truth, both attained Enlightenment, both served the souls of men, drawing devotion from their respective followers while they preached, and both have won respectful homage from generation after generation for over twenty-five hundred years. But the background of their mission was different: the religion of the Tirthankaras, as a distinct organism, already existed and this institution Vardhamana used in the spreading of his message. Gautama also came of a

long line of Buddhas, but he had no organization ready to hand; he had to create his Sangha. The mighty art of the Buddhas had been lost, as it had been when Krishna appeared. The work of the illustrious predecessors of Vardhamana was still alive; his own parents belonged to the Order of Parsva or Parsvanatha, the immediately preceding Tirthankara, who "died 250 years before Mahavira" and of whom it is reported that he "had an excellent community of 16,000 sramanas and 38,000 nuns." This Order itself was very ancient for there were twenty-two Tirthankaras before Parsva; a complete list of the Tirthankaras from Rashaba to Vardhamana is available in the Jaina texts. They had their Book of Rules and Discipline, named the *Purvas* (known as *Fourteen Purvas*), held sacred for long centuries.

Vardhamana Mahavira was the last of the Tirthankaras. He carried on the work of his illustrious predecessors, expounding the ancient teachings in language suitable for the race-mind of his day. The example of his own self-discipline kindled the fire in many a new heart while fanning the flame in the heart of many another. The Jains will celebrate his traditional birthday on the 30th of this month. THE ARYAN PATH appropriately prints the following article on "The Contribution of Jainism to Religious Thought." Pandit Ajit Prasada, the Editor of *The Jaina Gazette*, has been ably editing also the Sacred Books of the Jainas (The Central Jaina Publishing House, Lucknow) of which ten volumes have been issued. His interesting article is a fair-minded study and is valuable; one of our aims is the encouragement of the serious comparison of the ancient world-religions for selecting from them universal ethics and the truths common to them all. Such are to be found in every religion; but so are superstition and error to be found in all. One simple test of true or fanciful all can apply—to their own creed as to the creeds of others: A truth that has received the assent, however differently expressed, of the wise in all ages and climes, may be presumed to be probable, subject to individual verification. Distrust the unique claim and the peculiar dogma! The vital aspect of any religion is the life it inculcates. The great contribution of Jainism is indeed *Ahimsa* (Harmlessness), as Pandit Ajit Prasada brings out in his article. That it is not peculiar to Jainism is the proof of its universal validity; all the great Teachers have upheld its truth.

The particular contribution which Mahavira made to the practice of the doctrine of *Ahimsa* is connected with the philosophic teaching about the living nature of substance in relation to what is termed "non-living substance." The real import of that Jain teaching should be grasped and the Buddhistic doctrine of the five Skandhas and also the Hindu one of Samskara aid us in doing so.

Vardhamana Mahavira gained from self-imposed austerities such a mastery over his senses and his mind as led him first to knowledge and then to Enlightenment. His power of endurance was so predominant a characteristic of his that the making of vows has become a religious habit with his followers. There is one particular practice pursued even nowadays by some among the earnest Jains which might be adopted by any educated man to his own betterment. To develop his will power a man makes, at his own discretion, gauging his own strength, a resolve after his morning meditation, to observe on that day some simple discipline—not to eat certain foods, not to speak at certain hours, not to sit during a particular period. This may appear trivial or even somewhat ludicrous but in reality it is not so. Such a discipline checks heedlessness, engenders thoughtfulness and makes habitual deliberate action and mental self-energisation.

There are many beautiful and inspiring truths of practical social value in the wisdom of Jainism and a study of Jaina literature will prove highly profitable.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF JAINISM TO RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

From the earliest ages, religious thought has concerned itself with the solution of three related problems: What am I ? Whence have I come ? What will become of me ?

Jainism furnished a solution to these problems more than 700 years before Jesus Christ was born, and more than 250 years before Buddha attained enlightenment. The Omniscient Jina declared: The I, the Atman, the Soul, is eternal, uncreated, ever-existing. It has feeling, consciousness, knowledge. Knowledge is the essence of the Soul. There is no soul without knowledge. There is no knowledge or knowability without soul.

A pure soul, or pure life, is never found in the world. It is not tangible to the senses; it is non-material. It cannot be touched, tasted, smelt, seen, heard, or pictured, in mind or in imagination. It is all-knowledge, full and perfect knowledge of all that is, has been, or shall be.

What we do find in the world is (1) Living substance mixed with non-living substance; and (2) Non-living substance. There is non-living matter in both. But in one there is life also; in the other, not. The first, living substance mixed with non-living matter, is embodied soul. It is held in bondage by matter, coarse or fine, in varying degrees, for varying periods of time, in varying quantities and with varying tenacity. These varieties constitute the phenomena of the Universe—earth, air, water, fire, vegetation, tall trees,

fragrant flowers, juicy fruits, worms, reptiles, insects, birds, beasts and men—all human and sub-human life.

Embodied soul has ten vitalities—the vitality of each of the five senses, the power of body, of speech and of mind, respiration and age. The lowest form of life has at least four of these ten. It lives for a certain duration of time; it breathes; it has the sense of touch and a body.

An embodied soul is, however, capable of throwing off all body-contact and attaining to perfect purity, omniscience, beatitude, unadulterated, everlasting Joy. The path of purification, perfection, liberation is clear and conclusive, practical, of easy gradation and possible of adoption by everybody, howsoever situated, according to the capacity, position and circumstances of each. To follow the path, it is not necessary to be born a Jaina or to profess or embrace Jainism. Call yourself by whatever name you like, live your life as you have lived it hitherto, but if it is in accord with Jainism, if it conforms to the type and the measure of faith, knowledge and conduct leading to the Goal, the soul may be sure that he or she is a liberable being and on the Path to Truth and to freedom from the miseries and the limitations of embodied existence. The soul is the architect of its life and condition, here and hereafter.

Death, according to Jainism, is not annihilation of anything, soul or matter. It is only a separation of the outer body from the soul. Death is immediately followed by birth. The soul reappears in another body. Birth and death follow each other, as assuredly and as certainly as do day and night. It is only when the soul is completely rid of all contact with matter that it obtains Liberation and becomes permanently and eternally pure and perfect, Omniscient, Omnipotent and Omnipresent.

Karma is a well-known word now. The *Bhagwad-Gita* has discussed it. You shall reap what you sow, is a popular proverb. Karma has, however, a special and technical significance in Jainism, and its philosophy of Karma is a unique contribution to religious thought. Karma in Jainism means and includes molecules of a very fine and subtle kind of matter which is intangible to the senses and beyond the cognisance of the most delicate scientific instruments or processes yet invented. They abound everywhere in inexhaustible quantities. They assume Karmic form when stimulated and influenced by the desires and the passions of an embodied soul, a living being; and they enter into close contact and combination with such a living being. It is not difficult to see that a living being is immensely affected by dead matter, by inanimate objects. Written words, painted pictures, sculptured images, ruins, buildings, furniture and other objects, create emotions and passions for good or for evil, affect health of body and peace of mind. This is the

effect of Karmic particles, invisible, intangible, and yet mighty and powerful. Karmas are of innumerable forms, and vary widely in the quality, the quantity, the tenacity and the duration, in or with which they are attracted and assimilated by the soul. Every vibration or activity of mind, speech or body attracts and assimilates some sort of Karmic molecules. The influx or flow of Karmas into the embodied soul, the stoppage of that inflow, the bondage of the soul and the breaking of that bondage have been discussed by the Jaina Acharyas with a richness of detail and a mathematical accuracy, astounding, brain-racking and fascinating. The millions and billions of mental vibrations have all been classified, tabulated, calculated, with the resultant actions and reactions. This was done over a thousand years ago.

Broadly speaking, Karmas have been divided into 8 main and 148 sub-classes, and spiritual evolution into fourteen stages.

A description of these classes and sub-classes would be beyond the scope of this article ; but the fourteen spiritual stages may be explained to give the reader some idea of the subject.

1. *Mithyātva.*—The Stage of the Deluded Embodied Soul. The soul with a Wrong Belief. This is the first stage, in which an infinite number of embodied souls exist in the world.

2. *Sāsādana.*—The Stage of Downfall. This is a transitory stage into which an embodied soul falls, after gaining the stage of Right Belief but falling away from it.

3. *Mishra.*—The Stage of Mixed Right and Wrong Belief. This is also a transitory stage in the fall from the fourth stage of Right Belief.

4. *Avirāta Samyaktva.*—The Stage of Vowless Right Belief. In this stage the embodied soul has acquired Right Belief about the true nature of realities, but is unable to act upon that belief. It does not resolve or vow to follow it in actual life.

5. *Desha-Virata.*—The Stage of Partial Vows. In this stage the soul follows Right Belief by adopting partial vows.

6. *Pramatta Virata.*—The stage of Imperfect Vows. The preceding five stages are those of a householder. The sixth stage is that of a saint, who has renounced all worldly ties. He has adopted full vows, but is unable to observe them to perfection.

7. *Apramatta Virata.*—The Stage of Perfect Vows. The ascetic saint who has reached this stage observes all the vows to perfection.

8. *Apurva-Karana.*—The Stage of New Thought-Activity. All the vows having been perfectly observed, a stage of new inner progress begins. The soul begins to see inwards.

9. *Nivritti-Karana.*—The Stage of Advanced Thought-Activity. When the thoughts are further advanced inwards, greater insight, concentration and retiring into the Self are attained.

10. *Sukshma-Sāmparaya.* — The Stage of Slightest Delusion. The Delusion Karma begins to leave, and only a trace of it is left. The real self is in full view.

11. *Upshant Moha.*—The Stage of Subsided Delusion. Delusion has entirely subsided. Enlightenment has dawned.

12. *Ksheena Moha.*—The Stage of Destroyed Delusion. Delusion is here destroyed entirely.

13. *Sayoga Kevali.*—The Stage of Vibratory Omniscience. The Soul knows all. It still has the body vibration, though the body is rid of its weaknesses, imperfections, impurities, defects.

14. *Ayoga-Kevali.*—The Stage of Non-Vibratory Omniscience. The body vibrations also stop. This stage is of very short duration, a few moments, after which the Soul attains Liberation, Moksha. Mundane existence ceases. The soul becomes liberated for ever from all Karmic contact and enjoys its own eternal, supra-sense, undisturbable infinite bliss. It is Siddha. It is Itself. Its modifications are its own perpetual, continuous Self-modifications.

Spiritual progress is from Wrong Belief to Right Belief, from ignorance to knowledge, then to vows, then to perfectly observed vows, then to passionlessness and then to a cessation of the vibratory activity of body, speech and mind.

A soul steeped in ignorance, with only an iota of Consciousness, has thus the capacity to raise itself from the lowest stage of life to the highest Perfection—Godhood.

How to attain this perfection? The method, the manner, the means, the graduated steps, to obtain Liberation are easy, certain, effective, showing a speedy and immediate result. Everybody, howsoever circumstanced and situated, can follow the course. The broad underlying principle, the basic formula, is "Live, let live, and so live that the injury thereby caused to other living beings be the slightest possible in the circumstances." This is popularly called the Law of Ahimsa.

This attitude of mind or principle of conduct is not pessimism. It is not inaction. It is not idleness. It is not weakness. It is not cowardice. It is duly controlled, properly regulated, intense, one-pointed, concentrated action for the good of all. It leads to universal brotherhood, to a fellowship of all living beings. It is not a mere theory, but a practical rule of conduct, suited for all stages of society, for all grades of men, on all occasions, in all circumstances. Do not injure anybody in thought or by word or deed.

In its perfection Ahimsa can be practised only by the spiritually highly evolved saints, the Sadhus who have realised the true nature of the I, the Atman, the Soul, as distinct from the body which it inhabits, who are so concentrated in contemplation of the SELF that nothing done to the body or spoken about the body disturbs or perturbs them. It may, however, be practised in

arying degrees by all others. The peace and joy experienced as a result vary directly with the degree of Ahimsa practised.

Mahatma Gandhi has experimented with Ahimsa in all affairs of the world, social, economic, political, and has found it a rule of universal application. Ahimsa includes all the virtues, all moral obligations, all religious commandments, truth, honesty, chastity, contentment, charity etc. All communal, national and international trouble and tribulation; theft, robbery, dacoity, quarrels, fights and wars, all are caused by greed, by the desire to grasp, to exploit and to dispossess others. Reduce your wants, remove your wants, be above wants,and peace,prosperity, pleasure and plenty follow immediately. You become the monarch of all monarchs, loving all and loved in return and looked up to by all.

AJIT PRASADA

A UNIVERSITY OF THE AIR

Those who deplore the loss of a great opportunity for the spread of culture and of mutual sympathy in the radio's debasement to trivial and partisan ends must hail the establishment by the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation of short-wave Stations WRUL and WRUW in the U. S. A., "dedicated to enlightenment," to culture, education and the fostering of international goodwill, as a real cultural achievement.

Young Lieutenant Walter Lemmon accompanied President Wilson to Paris and drew from the bickerings and the strife that helped to make the "Peace Conference" such a sad misnomer the conclusion that the friction resulted from lack of mutual understanding. This idea of "a university of the air to act as a world culture exchange" appealed to President Wilson but it did not finally materialise till recent years. The objects of the non-profit Foundation include the broadcasting in different languages of cultural, educational, artistic and spiritual programmes—programmes that "will enhance the cultivation of spiritual values, and tend to promote the growth of individual character." The achievements of its "Friendship Bridge" and other programmes are solid though intangible. Let us hope that, though the U. S. A. is now in the war, the University of the Air will be able to keep clear of controversy and to pursue its noble aims unhindered. For, as Louis Adamic put it in a letter published in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for 8th November, "V for Victory is all right, but we need also V for Vision."

YOUNG AND OLD SOULS IN EARTH LIFE

[**Mr. Merton S. Yewdale** presents here the drama of human evolution, the repeated descent of the soul into earth life for further experience and growth until perfection is attained. Fortunately for mankind, the play does not always end as he makes it, with the withdrawal from the scene of the Enlightened Soul. If Reincarnation is the Doctrine of Hope, its twin doctrine, Karma, is that of Responsibility. With the realisation of Oneness grows Compassion, and many an Emancipated Soul has made the Great Renunciation, to stay with erring, suffering humanity.—ED.]

Among the vast multitudes of people on this Earth, there are souls of all ages. Looking from Earth to Heaven, man has a soul, which is the eternal part of him. Looking from Heaven to Earth, man is a soul, and his body is his temporary dwelling-place. It is man as soul that passes back and forth between the invisible and visible worlds, in a long succession of embodiments and unembodiments. In the visible world, he is a soul embodied. In the invisible world, he is a soul unembodied. His coming forth from the invisible to the visible world is evolution. His returning home to the invisible world is involution.

It is during the evolutions that the reincarnations of man occur. He who has experienced but few reincarnations, is a young soul. He who has undergone many, many reincarnations, is an old soul. The remembrance of reincarnations depends upon the age of the individual soul. Young souls cannot remember their past lives. They are like children, who have no recollection of their infancy and whose memory is too soft and delicate to retain for long the fleeting impressions of the occurrences in childhood. It is only old souls who can remember their past lives. For just as old people, by means of their earthly memory which gains in retrospective power as they advance in years, remember with increasing vividness the scenes and events of their early life, even happenings which hitherto had been but indistinct impressions and which suddenly emerge with unexpected clearness out of a misty past, so do old souls, by the power of their cosmic memory which they have acquired and developed during their many sojournings in the invisible world of the spirit, remember their former lives—in different ages, in different lands, among different peoples. And when old souls are specially gifted, they sometimes not only remember the kinds of work they performed in their past lives, but have a vision of the kind they will do in the next reincarnation.

In Earth life, it is the young souls who carry on the practical work of the visible world, and the old souls who further the spiritual work of the invisible world. Young and old

souls are reflected in sculptured figures. In sculpture, there are four cosmic types of human figures: first, the figure in the round which has the aggressive movement of entering farther into life; second, the figure in bas-relief which has the appearance of struggling to emerge completely into life; third, the figure in the round which gathers unto itself its own life and suggests a regressive movement back into the world whence it came; fourth, the figure in bas-relief which seems reluctant to come any farther into life and appears to be on the verge of backing out of sight at the first opportunity. The first two symbolize the younger souls who look forward to active life with enthusiastic anticipation. The second two symbolize the older souls who have lived through their early periods of practical life and have reached a point in their development when their work is essentially that which requires periodic retirement and contemplation.

When souls are young and their growth is before them, their evolutions are symbolic of light and their involutions symbolic of darkness. Young souls are like children who look forward eagerly to the day with its light and dread the darkness of night. In like manner, young souls look joyously and hopefully upon the days of Earth life, and hasten to join the great body of other young souls engaged in the work of building the material structure of civilization. As they love light and youth and life, so do they fear darkness and old age and death.

But when souls are old and nearing their full growth, their evolutions become more and more symbolic of darkness and their involutions symbolic of light. For, just as old people find the day noisy and disturbing and decentralizing, and come to look forward to the night with its quiet and restfulness when they can be apart from the world of nervous activity and find repose at the centre of themselves, so do old souls withdraw from Earth life little by little, ever feeling themselves drawn to the invisible world where they achieve release through meditation and come into closer union with the Divine Spirit. That which is light to young souls is darkness to old souls; and *vice versa*. It is the outer eyes that see best in the light. It is the inner eyes that see best in the darkness. The temple has much darkness and little light.

Souls of every age live and work together in this world. But they are divided in their polarities. The rhythm of the younger souls is from Heaven to Earth, since their soul growth through reincarnation is still in its early stages. The rhythm of the older souls is from Earth to Heaven, because they have already attained mature soul development, together with a deep knowledge and wisdom of human existence, and they long to return to the invisible world for further spiritual light.

All souls, when they are reincarnated on Earth, observe the perpetual flux of things. They see that nothing

is ever at rest, and that motion is life. Young souls, with exuberance and expectation, draw out of the whirling mass those things to which they would give permanent stability—beliefs, ideas, manners, customs—by fixing them in the structure of civilization. Yet when those things lose their mobility, they cease to evolve, then harden and eventually die, and finally disappear even from the memory of men. The young souls who seek to bring about the stability of things amid the changing elements in the world of space and time, are like children on the seashore who build walls of sand to keep back the water of the incessant waves. And often the young souls themselves are drawn into the maelstrom, and know no rest or peace throughout their earthly existence.

It is old souls who have learned during their many lives that the world of the senses is the world of illusion, and that its fundamental law is that of ceaseless change. Also, that the world of spirit is the real world—spaceless, timeless, changeless—where man, living by the laws of Heaven, becomes firmly established in an absolute position from which he cannot be dislodged by the disturbing elements in the world of change. It is old souls who bring to harassed young souls a knowledge of the laws of the Spirit, so that they may not alone be saved from being caught in the maelstrom of illusion, but realize a spiritual equilibrium which will enable them to maintain themselves in Earth life and to see their way clearly amid the bewildering and unrelenting changes which assail them on every side and throughout all their days.

Now there are in general two beliefs concerning man in his relation to the physical and spiritual worlds. The first is that man is a combination of body and soul and that this combination is effected when the human seed, at the moment of conception, is joined by the soul which comes into being at the same moment. While man continues in Earth life, his body and soul remain together. When he dies, his body undergoes dissolution, and his soul passes into the realm of spirit, where, as the eternal part of him, it awaits the Day of Judgment and the summons to appear before the Deity to receive either eternal reward or eternal punishment for his acts during his one and only life on Earth.

The underlying principle of this belief is that man has a physical and a spiritual beginning, and an ending which is an eternity that fundamentally is an extension of Earth life; that he has but one Earth life in which to realize his ideals and ambitions ; and that he is to be forever judged by his deeds during a single lifetime which is shorter even than that of some of the creatures in the animal kingdom.

The concrete result of this belief is that man, constantly pursued by the thought of the few years allotted to him and fearful lest he may not be able to achieve all his aspirations and ideals, lives in a continual state

of uneasiness and anxiety. He begins first to secure his place in the practical affairs of life. As he rises and prospers, he begins to enjoy his position of responsibility and of authority; and soon his aspirations and ideals, which originally were the natural expression and realization of himself, become transformed into unrestrained striving for wealth and power. His early ideals of truth and justice give way little by little to expediency and to an inflexible determination to triumph through the subjection of men to his will. As he proceeds sternly on his course, he gradually forgets all else but himself and his ambitions. He comes to live by his self-made laws; he cannot understand that there is an eternal Law of Retribution from which he cannot escape and that at some future time he will have to face the consequences of his acts. It is his short view of human existence which not only awakens in him this unholy will to power, but also generates in him an excess energy which brings out the lowest human instincts and manifests itself in acts that violate all the moral laws of life.

This, in a lesser or greater degree, is, and always has been in general, the philosophy and the experience of unenlightened souls, whether persons or peoples. In extreme form, and extended into realms national and international, it has been the cause of war, tyranny, bigotry, persecution. It has led men down the road of materialism and has caused them to live their entire lives in a state of struggle and without a moment of that tranquillity which comes only with the repose of the spirit. The short or earthly view of human life is the way to confusion and destruction, and to the ultimate death of the spirit.

The second of the two beliefs concerning man, in his relation to the physical and spiritual worlds, is that man is an eternal soul which comes to Earth and takes on bodily form in order that it may do its work and may also evolve a personality which shall allow it full expression. To accomplish this, many Earth lives are necessary; and these occur intermittently during a vast period of time. It is in Earth life that the soul awakens; and with its awakening comes spiritual enlightenment. It is also during its reincarnations and in the brain consciousness of its successive personalities, that the soul experiences its progressive spiritual awakening. As its reincarnations continue to increase in number and the soul itself continues to unfold, its acts become increasingly spiritualized. When finally the soul has reached its complete awakening and all its acts are completely spiritualized, it leaves the Earth for the last time, and in its full flowering returns forevermore to the Divine Consciousness—the Supreme Soul—the impersonal, all-embracing divine essence, the original source and the ultimate goal of all that exists.

This is the long or heavenly view

of the life of man as soul. By it, man sees that he himself is a part of the Supreme Soul, and that during his reincarnations he is subject to the Law of Karma. So long as his acts are in harmony with the spiritual laws, his spiritual progress continues. But if in any one of his Earth lives he commits acts which injure others or even himself, he not alone loses some of the progress he has made, but he must, by the Law of Karma, make reparation in the same or in the next reincarnation before he can make any further progress. Thus the spiritual advancement of man depends wholly upon himself and upon the operation of the Law of Karma; and when he has at last returned to the Divine Consciousness, it is not as a soul to be judged, but as one which has atoned for all its misdeeds and is ready to be received forever into the eternal sanctuary of the Supreme Soul.

When man lives by the Laws of Reincarnation and of Karma, he sees stretching behind him a long past which is the repository of the Earth lives he has already lived, and stretching out in front of him a far-reaching future in which he will live many more lives. Thus man travels the path of the spirit—not in the short spasmodic rhythm of a single Earth life whereby he is deflected from his course and plunged into the struggle for power and riches and fame, but in the long stately rhythm of the universe, whereby he maintains his equilibrium between Heaven and Earth and dwells with all men in truth and justice and peace. It is a knowledge of the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma that alone reveals the true purpose and meaning of the life of souls on this Earth.

MERTON S. YEWDALE

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

RICHARD HOOKER

Mr. BRAMLEY'S DATE WITH DESTINY

[**Mr. Claude Houghton,** the well-known novelist, needs no introduction to readers of THE ARYAN PATH or to any lovers of thoughtful fiction. This short story is characteristic of his gift for catching a wing-beat above the trampling and the din, for opening a vista in the reader's mind.—ED.]

Mr. Bramley walked automatically through the familiar streets, unaware of the ugly commercial buildings and the incessant roar of the endless traffic.

For over thirty years he had left the office at twelve-thirty and made his way through these loveless streets in order to reach the restaurant, at which he invariably lunched, by a quarter to one. He had a book under his arm and his right hand held the collar of his overcoat, in the hope of obtaining extra protection from the penetrating air.

He was a white-haired, bent, nondescript figure, but it is probable that if a passer-by had happened to notice Mr. Bramley's eyes, he would have been impressed by their colour and expression. They were gentian-blue and seemed to be intensely interested in something far distant. The other features, like the figure, had accepted defeat long ago—but the eyes had not surrendered.

Now, it is certain that any one passing this shabbily-decent wreck of a man would have been astonished had he known that two lines of poetry were circling round Mr. Bramley's mind as he walked through the grim scenery of this great industrial city—two lines which had long been familiar but which, nevertheless, opened new and vast vistas whenever they came into Mr. Bramley's white-haired head.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,...

As the words winged through his mind, he experienced the sudden exhilaration which had come to him so unexpectedly, and so beneficently, at certain crucial moments during his long and outwardly-drab existence.

He reached the restaurant, which was cheap and therefore usually crowded, and made his way to a corner table. It was the only table for two persons and Mr. Bramley had a marked preference for it.

He had scarcely seated himself when a wintry-looking woman at a neighbouring table rose and came over to him.

"I 'm glad you are back, Mr. Bramley."

"That is kind of you. I am better again. Much better. Did you know that I was away for a week ?"

"Yes, I know you were. And you've chosen a wretched day to come back to work."

Miss Grahame went on talking, but Mr. Bramley did not hear what she was saying. He suddenly saw her, not as she was now, but as she had been twenty-five years ago —when she had started to come to this restaurant to lunch. Then, she had just begun to work in an office near Mr. Bramley's—and she still worked there. He remembered her animation in those days and the lights in her bronzed hair. Now, the features were resigned and the hair was lustreless.

"How brave you are!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"*Brave?*"

"Yes—very brave."

She stared at him—bewildered and a little excited—then hurried back to her table.

While Mr. Bramley waited for someone to take his order, he wondered—for the thousandth time—why it was that certain lines of poetry, certain pictures, certain aspects of nature, certain music, had always had such mysterious power over him. Logically, he ought to regret this fact very deeply, because it was owing to the power of these things that he had become a failure. He was an old, broken-down clerk and it was miraculous that he had not been sacked long ago. By all normal standards, it was the power of these things over him which had condemned him to a lonely and a loveless life—and yet something very deep in Mr. Bramley asserted that, except for certain crises, he had not been lonely and he had not been loveless. What actually astonished him was that people dared to live without beauty. That seemed incomprehensible, and very brave, to Mr. Bramley.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,...

At this point, however, Mr. Podgers came into the restaurant.

Mr. Podgers was Mr. Bramley's immediate superior at the office and there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Podgers would have sacked Mr. Bramley long ago had it not been for a mysterious occurrence which still baffled all Mr. Podgers's attempts to solve.

Some years ago the Manager—a person of enormous importance—had dismissed a clerk called Lane. The Directors of the Company, who were even more important than the Manager, had been very angry about a mistake which had been made—and so the Manager had sacked Lane.

One afternoon, two days after Lane's dismissal, Mr. Bramley had suddenly risen from his obscure seat in the General Office and walked straight into the Manager's room. This act created a sensation because Mr. Bramley was far too insignificant a person to have direct dealings with the Manager. Also, Mr. Bramley had gone into the Manager's room without knocking!

He went straight up to him and said: "You dismissed Lane. That was unjust."

"What the hell's it got to do with you if I sack Lane?"

"Injustice is everyone's business."

"Now, look here!" the Manager shouted. "One more word from you, and *you'll* be sacked."

"Lane only carried out your instructions."

"My God! I like your nerve! I keep you on, when you're a dam sight too old to be any good, and you come in here and tell me my business."

"I've said all I've got to say," Mr. Bramley announced mildly. "I'm going."

"You certainly *are* going—in a month!"

But Mr. Bramley did not go in a month. And Lane was given another job in a branch office at Liverpool. The Manager had never spoken to Mr. Bramley since their interview, but Mr. Podgers—who had heard the Manager shouting at Mr. Bramley was convinced that "Old Bramley" had some mysterious power over the Manager. Mr. Podgers was, therefore, half-afraid of the old clerk and avoided him as much as possible. He had come to this restaurant today only because he did not know that Mr. Bramley had returned from sick-leave.

Mr. Bramley often thought of this interview with the Manager, chiefly because he was convinced—absolutely convinced—that, ten seconds before he rose from his obscure seat in the General Office to go into the Manager's room, he had had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

His reminiscences were interrupted at this point, however, by the arrival of a waitress to take his order, but Mr. Bramley discovered that he was still feeling weak after his recent illness and that therefore the idea of a substantial meal was not inviting.

He ordered black coffee and a sandwich.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,...

It was disturbing how much the lines meant to him. It was also disturbing to remember how, at certain crises in his life—when existence had suddenly seemed a total impossibility—some sentence had come to him as clearly as if someone had whispered it in his ear. And, whenever that had happened, a strength not his own had instantly surged through him, bringing deliverance.

While Mr. Bramley sat waiting for his coffee and sandwich, he remembered a moment of despair which had overwhelmed him some years ago as totally as if he had fallen into the bottomless pit.

It was a Sunday evening—grey, drab, dismal. All day he had been depressed, then, soon after six o'clock, he had gone for a walk.

He passed gaunt silent factories—crossed a Recreation Ground—threaded a labyrinth of mean streets. Not far away, the bell of a chapel jangled. Men stood at the doors of squalid homes waiting for the public-houses to open. Pavements were

littered with fragments of Sunday newspapers. In the distance, a tram rattled.

Ugliness, torpor, inertia—everywhere.

He stopped and looked round.

Most people lived like this—and did not want anything essentially different from this. That was the fact. Why lie to oneself? And those who did not live in surroundings like these had escaped only by condemning others to sordid houses in mean airless streets. The world was a slum—a material slum, or a spiritual slum. And poets who wrote lines which opened vista after vista in the mind were those who made a marvellous make-believe world because they dared not confront the horror of the actual one.

That was the fact—and he was realising it for the first time on this grey Sunday evening.

" I have overcome the world."

The sentence shot into his mind as if someone had whispered it in his ear.

But that sentence didn't mean—it couldn't mean—that Christ had overcome the squalid inertia of mean streets! Till now, Mr. Bramley had always thought that it was the pride, pomp and panoply of the Roman world which Christ had overcome—not the stagnant, listless, shabby one of mean streets.

" I have overcome the world."

Yes, that must mean that Christ *had* overcome the world of deadening monotony no less than the one in which evil flaunted its power in proud array.

Then, as Mr. Bramley walked on through the darkening streets, a sudden realisation of the courage of men overwhelmed him. They dared to live without beauty: they dared to become slaves of the machine. They, too, had descended into hell—a mean, monotonous, squalid hell. A sense of kinship with the people of these mean streets surged through Mr. Bramley. These men and women were his brothers, his sisters—destined, so soon, to die; and daring to live like this!

"Sooner or later," Mr. Bramley had whispered to himself, "such courage must bring them face to face with God."

But at this point Mr. Bramley again became aware of his surroundings and was beginning to wonder what had happened to his waitress when she appeared with his black coffee and sandwich.

He took a sip of the coffee—decided that he did not want the sandwich—then looked round the restaurant.

Everyone was eating and reading simultaneously, while one or two desperate spirits puffed a cigarette between these activities. Miss Grahame was reading a paper-backed novel with an alluring cover design: Mr. Podgers was studying the *Financial Times* with the expression of one long familiar with the intricacies of high finance. Waitresses threaded the narrow lanes between

the tables, carrying heavy trays. From the other side of the constantly gaping swing doors, leading to the kitchen, came a confused babel of shouts and orders.

Mr. Bramley was about to read his book when, feeling a sudden rush of cold air, he looked up to discover that the main door of the restaurant had opened—and that a woman of unique beauty stood on the threshold.

Mr. Bramley gasped. He had never seen any one so lovely. Only ignorance could have induced her to enter this hole—that was certain—and yet there she stood, looking like a being from another world, scanning each table in turn as if she were seeking someone. Then, to Mr. Bramley's greater amazement, she began to walk slowly towards the centre of the restaurant.

At this point Mr. Bramley stood up. Beauty was a member of Mr. Bramley's Royal Family, and it was impossible therefore to remain seated.

It did not surprise him that people in the restaurant took no notice of the new-comer because, for many years now, he had become accustomed to the strange fact that others remained totally unaffected by precisely those things which moved him most profoundly.

So Mr. Bramley stood up, and remained standing. Then he realised that the only vacant seat in the room was the one at his table. And then he made the pulse-quickening discovery that this uniquely beautiful woman was coming straight towards him.

"May I sit at your table?"

There were several reasons why Mr. Bramley found it impossible to reply to this question. One was that he had never heard a voice like this voice. Never! It was perfectly articulated and its tone invested each word with an aura. Another reason for his silence was the quality of this woman's beauty. The broad brow was sealed with serenity; the features were perfectly harmonised; the rhythmic figure shone through the dark clothes—but it was the eyes which imposed silence on Mr. Bramley. All the loveliest things he had ever known were but hints and prophecies of the dark beauty of those deep eyes.

"May I sit at your table?"

"Forgive me, but—really—you have made a mistake to come here. This is a wretched cheap restaurant. Believe me, you do not belong here."

"Oh yes, I do! I go to all sorts of places. You'd be surprised. Do let us sit down. It's high time you and I had a talk together. We should have had one long before this if you had not insisted on dodging me."

"Dodging—you?"

"Yes."

They sat down, then Mr. Bramley repeated: "Dodging—*you?*"

"Often! Some years ago, on a Sunday evening, when you went for a walk, I couldn't make you see me."

Mr. Bramley stared at her for some moments, then said jerkily: "But you don't mean—you can't mean—that you came here today to see me."

"That's exactly what I did do. I have a suggestion to make to you. The people I work for want you to join their staff. And I begged them to let me come to talk to you about it."

"You don't mean to tell me that *you* work in an office?"

"Oh yes, I do! A most important office. And I work very hard. We all work very hard."

"And you are really serious when you say that your boss wants me to join the staff?"

She nodded her head. Her eyes were as gay with delight as those of a child who tells a thrilling secret to a great friend.

"I really think there must be a mistake," Mr. Bramley said with some emphasis. "I—well—between ourselves—I'm no good. I never was much good—and I'm none now. You will only get into trouble if you persuade your boss to give me a job."

She threw back her head and laughed—cool, echoing, waterfall laughter. "I couldn't persuade my boss," she said at last. "He's made enquiries about you—and has decided that he wants you on the staff."

"To work with—*you?*"

"To work with me."

Mr. Bramley glanced round the restaurant in order to convince himself it was still there. Miss Grahame was still reading her paper-backed novel: Mr. Podgers was still studying the *Financial Times*. Waitresses were still carrying heavy trays: shouts still came from the kitchen.

"All this is most extraordinary," he said at last. "I certainly never thought any one would offer me another job—especially after making enquiries about me."

He was about to continue when he noticed her hand. Then he looked more closely at her face, her neck, her arms. The flesh was like that of a newborn child.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, "but how old are you?"

"I cannot remember. We have so much to do on our job that we forget time. You know how it is. When you are really interested in anything, time ceases to exist, doesn't it?"

"Yes, that's perfectly true," said Mr. Bramley. "It ceases to exist."

Then he added: "I'm afraid the waitress is a long time coming."

"It doesn't matter. There's no hurry. We'll sit here and talk."

"I'm glad there's no hurry," said Mr. Bramley.

"We're always busy in our job—but never in a hurry. I think you'll like it."

It was odd, but her presence created the exhilaration—the tumultuous inner release—of music. Often, when listening to a symphony, it had seemed to Mr. Bramley that he had

been miraculously transported to his appointed place in a magical universe. And now, sitting at this table with her in this dreary restaurant, he felt again the rhythmic surge and sweep of that strange universe.

Suddenly he said: "You can't mean that you want me to go straight to a new job without even telling my present employers that I am leaving them ?"

"Do you think they'd mind very much ?"

"No, not very much," Mr. Bramley replied. He glanced at Mr. Podgers, then he added: "I'm certain they won't mind in the least."

A minute later, he said : "There's one thing I would like to ask you."

"What's that ? "

"Are you sure you won't mind being seen with me in these clothes ? They're very old, very shabby—quite done for."

"You need not give that a thought. They give you new clothes for our job."

Some moments later, he said: "Please don't think this impertinent —because I assure you it is not intended to be—but you are familiar to me. I can't express it better than that. I feel I have met you before—thousands of times."

"You have—thousands of times."

As she said the words in her clear, deep, resonant tone, it seemed to Mr. Bramley that she was transfigured. For a timeless moment this sudden vision of her dazzled him, then he said in a whisper : "You should not have come. You took a terrible risk coming here, like this."

Then, in an attempt to recover normality, he lit a cigarette.

Almost immediately, however, he heard himself say: "Let us go."

"You are sure you are ready ?"

"Yes."

"*Certain ?*"

"Yes."

Mr. Bramley put his cigarette in the ash-tray.

He rose, walked towards the door ...and then two events happened simultaneously.

The first was that Mr. Bramley found himself among a crowd of people, who had risen hurriedly from the tables, and were gazing at a man lying on the floor. And the man lying on the floor was Mr. Bramley. There was no doubt about that. And Mr. Bramley was dead. There was no doubt about that either. Miss Grahame was convinced of it. Her lips were trembling and tears were running down her cheeks. Mr. Podgers, too, was convinced of it. He was staring with fear-rounded eyes at the dead Mr. Bramley lying on the floor. The waitress, too, was convinced. Mr. Bramley was convinced that the dead man was Mr. Bramley. The smoke from a cigarette still rose from an ash-tray on the corner table.

But, *simultaneously*, Mr. Bramley was standing by a radiant being in a vast harmony-haunted twilight. The immaculate air was filled with beatings of invisible wings.

High, in a new heaven, shone a great ring of pure and endless light.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

A GREAT PIONEER

"The Great Meddler" was the sobriquet earned by Henry Bergh by making the cause of the helpless and the inarticulate his own. He started his campaign against cruelty to animals single-handed; other men whose conscience he had quickened rallied to his aid and the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came into being in 1866 and laws were passed, under pressure from the reformers, to make illegal, cruelty in many forms so long condoned that the public conscience had grown callous to them. And then the modern Don Quixote, aristocrat and diplomat, set himself to see that the laws were enforced, unfailingly courteous but unbendingly firm, braving threats against his life, courting the ridicule that brought publicity for his cause. He fought in the courts against cruelty to cows, to horses, to turtles, to chickens; and "mock editorials urged mercy for bugs and worms." But at last his persistence was rewarded; the tide turned; and a powerful public sentiment accepted the fact that it is not meddling to protect the weak, and supported the humane associations' efforts. Bergh died in 1888 but his work lives on in a widespread network of anti-cruelty organisations throughout the U. S. A.

He held that it was the dignity of the human soul which suffered most when an animal was abused by man—that cruelty is even more degrading to the one who inflicts it than it is painful to the victim.

But Henry Bergh did not invent "a new kind of goodness" as the title of Donald Culross Peattie's recent sketch of him in *Frontiers* catchily claimed. It was the same kind of goodness that has ever inspired every "meddler" in behalf of the victims of oppression and is natural to man in the measure of his transcendence of the animal proclivities of his lower nature.

But many are thoughtlessly cruel and many men incapable of inflicting cruelty themselves have not enough of the knight-errant in their make-up to champion unpopular causes. It takes one type of courage to face malice and vindictiveness unafraid; it takes another, and perhaps a higher type, to face ridicule without flinching from a duty self-assumed. Henry Bergh had both types and he gave a stimulating demonstration of what can be done by a single earnest man who is not content to deplore evils and to take refuge behind that coward's query, "What can one man do?"

A DANCER DREAMT...

AN INTERVIEW WITH UDAY SHANKAR

[We took advantage of Shri Uday Shankar's presence in Bombay in December to have a member of our staff interview the famous dancer-educationist.—ED.]

"I shall...straight conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

—MILTON

It is an impressive experience, after seeing Uday Shankar in gorgeous costume on the stage, the incarnation of the graceful, elusive and allusive spirit of the Indian dance, to see him in a drawing-room, simple and dignified in his flowing Indian garments, telling with an earnestness the more impressive for its quietness of his great educational and cultural ideal which is finding embodiment in Almora at the foot of the "Snows," finding it somewhat slowly both because the innovator is feeling his way in unexplored territory and because funds are needed for what he is trying to do. The professional dancer is merged today in the educationist; the stage now but subserves the ends of the Centre by letting the world know what it is for which the Centre stands.

Westernized education and the outlook which it imparts have played the rôle of the abductor for how many of our Indian youth! In the life drama of many an Indian, alas, the grand finale of restoration to his own people has never been played; the curtain has come down on the exile still wandering abroad, an expatriate of the spirit, though his body may never have left the Indian shores. But in the life of Uday Shankar the drama has come full circle and India can rejoice that her son who was lost has found his way home.

A youth of artistic promise, Uday Shankar early won the patronage of the Maharaja of Jhalawar—his father was one of the Maharaja's Ministers—but he was brought up in such ignorance of his own cultural heritage that he might almost as well have grown up in the West. Almost, but not quite, for his subsequent development showed that strands musical and Terpsichorean, at least, of his Indian background had been woven into his make-up, though they were long ignored. He studied Western art for three years in Bombay and went to Europe in 1919 to complete his education as a painter, a youth almost completely glamoured by Western civilisation.

Strangely, his awakening came in the West. First, from Sir William

Rothenstein, under whom he studied at the Royal College of Arts in London and who discouraged his adoption of Western artistic technique. Shankar had bought the biggest canvas he could find and was splashing it with the costliest of colours, to his own immense satisfaction and with pleasing effect, when Sir William's disapprobation brought him down in full flight. Sir William praised the Indian style of painting, which could compress a world of meanings, a universe of subtle implications, into a miniature, and he sent the bewildered young man to the British Museum to study Indian art. The great books of copies of the paintings and the carvings of ancient and of medieval India which he found there were a revelation to him, but it was in deference to Sir William and with mental reservations that Shankar devoted himself to Indian art for the remainder of his course.

His second awakening he owed to Pavlowa's enthusiasm for India, which she had recently visited. He had learned to dance in India, taking it rather casually in his stride; he taught Pavlowa Indian dancing; he danced with her, at her insistence, in London; their "Krishna and Radha" interpretation was one of the great triumphs of her career. He had meantime won the certificate of the Royal College of Arts and was free to accept her invitation to tour the U. S. A. with her. And wherever he went he found deep interest in India and a knowledge of her past glories that put her unregardful son to shame. Humbly he learned from American friends what he should see in India and how to get to this place and to that.

It was, however, in 1929-30, when Miss Alice Boner, a Swiss painter of cultural sensitivity and of wealth, requisitioned his guidance to the triumphs of Indian cave and temple art and architecture, that the cultural changeling came finally into his own. At Guruvayur, near Trichur, he saw his first Kathakali dance and recognised, with a thrill, in the traditional form, the timeless prototype of the dance that had gone out from India to China, to Malaya, to Japan and where not? He put his reaction simply: "It takes you away from this world to some other world." The consummate art of the production, the impersonality of the players, whose names are unadvertised, the pittance which contents them for their untiring work, their self-oblivious immersion in the characters that they portray, all impressed him deeply. "They not only know by heart the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*; they *live* them on the stage!"

It was perhaps then, glimpsing the beauty of the Indian cultural tradition and realising how little it is understood, how inadequately prized even in India, that the dream first came to him of starting a Centre where that tradition could be nurtured, where the traditional forms of the dance and of music could be brought together from all

parts of the country, and where the Indian educational ideal could find embodiment, free from the narrowing bounds of province, caste or creed, free altogether from the commercial spirit which is the blight of art.

From Madura and Chidambaram in the South to Ajanta, to Ellora, to Benares, he piloted Miss Boner, as eager, as enthusiastic as she, and as his appreciation of the artistic triumphs of ancient India grew, his imagination caught fire and there sprang up in him an intuitive appreciation of the spirit behind those marvels and an urge to foster the unfolding of that spirit in our modern age.

Uday Shankar had taken Indian dancers to the West before. On his previous tours he had danced his Oriental dances to the accompaniment of Western instruments, orchestrating from memory some of the Indian *ragas* for them to play, but he was not satisfied. He wanted to take Indian musicians and Indian instruments to the West with his troupe. Miss Boner made it possible in 1931 and on the opening night in Paris the audience was moved to tears. He was besieged with demands for what was *behind* his dances. Where could they learn the mythology of India, where the Indian philosophy ? More than ever was borne in upon him the need of the world, as of modern India itself, for the revival of the living spirit of the Indian art of the dance.

Wealthy Americans tempted him to start his Centre in the U. S. A., promising full support to the undertaking, but he found the tempo of life there too swift. It must be in India, where there was time to work, time to think. He was clear about that. English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst of Dartington Hall, furnished the funds for him to make a start and the Uday Shankar India Culture Centre was opened in 1939. It is still housed in rented buildings, still handicapped financially at every turn, but it has a glorious setting, an uplifting atmosphere and a splendid natural amphitheatre where as many as 21,000 have gathered to see the Centre's symbolical dances, the " Ram Leela," based on the *Ramayana*, as inspiring and as truly religious a festival as the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The Centre is not an Ashram in the technical sense, but much of the spirit of the Ashram is there.

There were nine hundred applicants the first year, though only eighteen students could be taken, most of them on scholarships. The course is normally five years. Certain exceptional pupils may cover it in less time but, as Uday Shankar says, to learn to dance may take a whole life, and he added thoughtfully, " May be one life is not enough."

The young people who are coming today are fifteen years old or more. Facilities and staff are yet lacking to handle the ordinary education of younger students along with the training in dancing and in music, but it is part of the Dream that some day quite little children may

be admitted and taught until about the age of eight or ten years, when they will leave for ordinary schools. Before that they will have been helped to a true orientation, taught to co-ordinate their movements and to direct their minds, and encouraged to begin to bring out the *inner*, which Uday Shankar feels the modern schemes of education take too little into account. The work at the Centre is designed to waken something within the student.

The effort is to relate the dance to life. Creative expression in different directions is encouraged. Students design and make some of their own costumes ; they are encouraged to think out dances of their own. It is Uday Shankar's idea that once the traditional techniques have been mastered the artist should be free to create his own interpretations. " I do believe in tradition. But we cannot follow it altogether. From it there are wonderful things. We do not discard the past but at the same time we cannot live in the past. I do not want to modernise things blindly but I want to touch the life of today, which is the same as the life in the past after all. We are the same but we approach things differently because of the way we live."

Uday Shankar attributes the indifference of many educated Indians to their cultural inheritance more to the innate desire for change than to Western influence. It is the same desire for something different, he believes, that lies at the back of much of the interest of people in the West in India, though there are some who do get hold of something real. The ideal, he holds, is to get whatever is best in life itself, to bring together the highest expressions of culture everywhere. Along with the ideals of the exchange of thought and of the unification of culture, he recognises, is bound to go the ideal of brotherhood. Art is one ; there are no barriers to the appreciation of the beautiful. And India is one. What does it matter where the Centre is located ?

The routine of the day begins with a general class which Uday Shankar himself conducts and which has no cut-and-dried programme. First of all the students learn to walk. They are taught that walking is not mere locomotion from one place to another but a flexible expression of character. They learn to use imagination, to express this or the other quality in their very gait—how to walk like a beggar, like a judge, like a king. They learn to control and to co-ordinate their muscular movements, to develop the seeing eye, to concentrate. No slumping postures ! The students sit erect, alert, one-pointedly attentive to the subject or the demonstration. Then they disperse to follow special lines, in music, in the elaborate language of gesture, in Kathakali, in Manipuri, under qualified instructors. A short rest before lunch, a longer one after, and then vigorous games, required of all, till tea-time. Then a period for

group discussion, guided but not dominated by the teacher, in which all kinds of problems, from ethical to philosophical, are thrashed out. There are no religious or racial bars. Each talks freely of his own faith. There is no proselytism but a free interchange which broadens and enriches all. And just before the eight-thirty dinner there is an improvisation hour when any one may act out anything that he or she has learned that day. Sometimes the skits are trivial, but not infrequently something beautiful emerges. Their work is not competitively graded but the students themselves recognize whose work is good and whose poor. There is even mutual public criticism of each other's work, which the students learn to take in good part. "From humiliation they go to understanding and from understanding they open their eyes for criticism of themselves."

The young people come from all over India. They are the children of their age. There is no effort to make them over forcibly. No suggestions, for instance, are offered as to personal appearance, but cosmetics fall into disuse as the spirit of the Centre is caught; simplicity becomes the natural expression of sincerity. Uday Shankar is "Dada" to them all, a spontaneous tribute perhaps—in spite of his youthful appearance—to his maturity of outlook and to the seriousness of his ideals. One letter which he had just received expressed with beautiful simplicity the reaction of one young student to his work:—

What we have learned from you will never be forgotten. And one thing that you have made us realize is to know that we know nothing. We are so ignorant and we have to learn so much! Art like a wide ocean lies before us, unbounded and vast. We think it is easy. You have at least opened our eyes to tell us what it is. We may not be able to learn art but we have at least known what art is.

The object of the Centre is not to turn out professional dancers, though students may become such if they wish. The aim is integrated individuals, souls in command of their bodily and mental instruments, children of India who know their heritage and are capable of translating that heritage into modern life. How will they do so? Some, Uday Shankar hopes, will devote themselves to providing performances that will uplift and educate as well as entertain. Others will become missionaries of culture, starting and conducting branch Centres here and there in the villages, where the real India lives on. Some may carry inspiration to the waiting West. But all, he believes, will lead better, more worth-while lives for the disciplined, broadening experience which the Centre offers; lives freer and more purposeful for the years that they have had at the India Culture Centre. India needs the products of such education; the world needs them. There should not be lacking men and women of means who have sufficient breadth of vision and sensitiveness of perception to see the value of this undertaking of Uday Shankar's and to provide the necessary funds to make his dream come true.

E. M. H.

JESUS CHRIST

GLIMPSES OF HIS LIFE AND MISSION

[This is the third of the series by **Ernest V. Hayes** which presents the Prophet of Nazareth as an Adept of the Good Law.—Ed.]

III.—THE TEACHER AND THE TEACHING

Doubt has been expressed as to the historic existence of Jesus. None can deny that some fragments of Sun Myth have gathered round him, or that, from one stand-point, the Four Gospels present a story of Initiation. But a careful reading of these documents forces one to the conclusion either that they briefly record the life of a man who actually lived, or that the writer of each possessed the genius of a Shakespeare. There is no reason to suppose the genius and we may accept the idea that, in the main, the Gospels have historic value.

Taking Jesus, then, as a historical character, without denying the validity of the mystical or occult interpretations of the Gospels, we find that, like Gautama Buddha, he faces certain Temptations or Tests before taking up his public mission. In the desert, suggestions are made by Satan—"the prince [or God] of this world." "You have occult powers. You need food. Turn these stones into bread."

The temptation is dismissed by the answer that, comparatively speaking, bread is not so very important. It is this deep understanding that will lead Jesus to say later: "Labour not for the meat that perisheth. Take no thought what ye shall eat, drink or wear. Your Heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of these things. Seek first His Kingdom and all other things shall be added unto you." It is not difficult to see that if the getting of one's bread and butter is a complicated process, and uncertain as well as complicated, the fault lies in man, not in Nature's generosity.

Jesus is invited to display his occult power in a public demonstration—to cast himself from a pinnacle of the Temple, possibly to impress the Rabbis and the crowd. Utterly futile in itself, save as a glorification of the lower self, this is repudiated by Jesus as a waste of spiritual force. Then comes the temptation that is to furnish the key-note of his teaching to mankind. He is offered all the kingdoms of the world, if he will worship "the God of this world" —if he will turn from Life to Matter. But, "none other gods regarding," Jesus breaks the final effort of the Tempter and stands free from every human fetter save that of Love.

He chooses his own way by which to call men back to Reality, to that Ecstasy of Life, the One Pearl, for which all inferior gems may well be lost. Clad simply (it may have been

in a yellow robe, for all we know), devoting all his occult powers to the healing of the sick and the afflicted; preaching the reversal of everything that has been considered essential to happiness and social order; he sets aside all that might have been expected of the Messiah who was to free Israel and restore the ancient glories of the kingdom of David.

He will refer from time to time to the antagonism aroused against him in consequence, and the shadow of a ceaseless persecution and a violent end will darken his happiest moments, for he is not in India, where the spiritual teacher is honoured, even if not understood. He is among a fierce, intolerant people who have already designed the shrine into which he is expected to fit. None-the-less, he goes the time-sanctified way of all the true Teachers of humanity, seeing man as a spiritual being and his pain and frustration as having a spiritual cause.

There is a fault in man which Gautama Buddha strove to eradicate by the Eightfold Noble Path. This fault is an implicit denial of the Truth and Love which maintain the universe. Held as men are by the illusion of Time, this fault seems without remedy. It is the work of Jesus to shew such men as will come into personal contact with him that the fault can be easily and swiftly rectified. "The Kingdom of God is at hand" is more a spatial reference than one of time. The Kingdom is within man; it is the empire that none may overcome. It is man, and Jesus is near to the Indian Vedanta, which implies that it is not a question of man's being set free from bondage but a question of his realising that he has never been really bound. Hence those works of healing of the soul and the body instantaneously so that men may know that Re-Creation is not a laborious process but a vivid moment in which the soul sees the Reason and the Love within itself perfectly poised, utterly cleansed.

To bring about this illuminating moment, "one yet infinite," there must be no Authority. There may be authority and tyranny in the kingdoms of the "prince of this world." With a touch of rare satire, Jesus speaks of how the tyrants of this world are often considered as benefactors by those they enslave. As long as a man chooses to remain "in the world" (using the term in a mystical sense), Jesus offers and indeed sees no help for the terrors and the torments which beset him. Instead, there must be entry into a Kingdom of Light and Love, within a man's own soul, where every thought is transformed and every motive transfigured. Of that Kingdom the little child shall be the symbol of true greatness, and "he that is greatest among you shall be he that doth serve." "Be none of you called Master, for one is your Master, even Christ....Ye are all brothers." Among the Gentiles, "their great ones exercise authority ...but it shall not be so among you."

"He that shall desire to be first, the same shall be the last of all." A man can be forced into a social system, under a foreign yoke, harried into a religion or a sect, manœuvred into certain relationships with his fellows; but he cannot be impelled by authority into a Kingdom of Heaven which is within himself, awaiting discovery.

Next stands out the idea of Non-Possessiveness, not simply as an ideal for a few ascetics, but for a regenerated world delivered from "Satan" and handed back to God. Appropriation in a hundred forms lies at the heart of a hundred miseries from which man, missing his true purpose, persistently suffers. As the overladen camel must first be relieved of its burdens before it can pass through the low, narrow gate of some Eastern city, so man must be willing to shed an abundance that is not true wealth but the parcel-carrying of a slave. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The tragedy of Christendom has been that it has made a desperate effort at that double service. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth...where thieves break through and steal." He might have added, "unless you make war on them in self-defence," and they, in turn, still coveting, make themselves strong to break down your defences.

It has been well said that when Jesus told the rich young man to sell what he had and give it to the poor, he was not thinking of the poor so much as he was thinking of the young man. Other spiritual teachers had taught the same thing, but they had implied it as for the few who entered the narrow way. When called upon to do so, indeed, they had compromised so far as the man of the world was concerned; they had indicated that too much was not to be asked from him.

Jesus addressed himself to a nation, and through his disciples he hoped to address himself to the world. If Non-Possessiveness were a penance, then truly few would undertake the punishment; but if it leads to the greatest joy, the highest health and the fullest life; if Appropriation calls for miserable and continued sacrifice while Non-Possessiveness offers exceeding joy, then there should be no reason why men in general, once their eyes were opened, should not gladly welcome the total change in their societies and their relationships which Non-Possessiveness would bring. Jesus believed he could so open the eyes of the men and the women around him; he directed all his public teaching to that one aim.

We have no authentic portrait of Jesus, either in pigments or in words. We may be certain his was a radiant personality; in the best sense, a gay personality. We have a statue of Gautama known as the smiling Buddha, and the Jain Saints look down at their own nudity with a faint amusement. We have a Krishna with the flute and the melodious songs and the dancing with the Gopis. We have been condemned

to imaginary portraits of Jesus as weeping over Jerusalem, lifting despairing eyes in Gethsemane, a tortured face on the Cross and a stern majesty in his Resurrection. But it is not these things, weeping, despair, pain and sternness that can win men's hearts. It is a smile. A laugh. A sense of infectious gaiety, conveying to the uncertain that what has been given up has been well lost.

The latter, we may be sure, Jesus had and his teaching gathered power with his smile. The outcast, the man afraid of himself, the woman who knew herself despised, the flurried, the muddled and the most disheartened would hardly have sought his company but for the smile and the happiness that ran like music through the silver voice.

ERNEST V. HAYES

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS

Nothing would seem more reasonable than the demands that Mr. Langston Hughes puts forward as the spokesman of thirteen million American Negroes, in an article, "What the Negro Wants," in the Autumn 1941 issue of *Common Ground*, and nothing more temperate than his approach. A chance to earn a decent living (Negroes in the U. S. A. are almost universally restricted, even in Government service, to the lower-income, lower-prestige jobs); equal educational opportunities (now denied even in State-supported and "Christian" schools); decent housing (no residential segregation); full participation in Government (now prevented by denial of the vote in parts of the South and by redistricting to split the Negro vote); a fair deal before the law (notoriously difficult to secure); normal courtesy (Southern Negroes are generally called by their first names and denied, even in the press, "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss" before their names); and, finally, social equality in public services—in trains, in parks, in hospitals and in restaurants. Can the justice of these claims be denied?

To remember in connection with this article the high idealism which inspired the founders of the North American Republic, to recall the line inscribed a hundred years later on the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, "I hold my lamp beside the golden door," is saddening, but it is humbling too, and should awaken pity, as well as provoke deserved censure, for stumbling, erring, immature humanity. No imperialist country, as no exclusive caste or sect, even no man who is unjust in his home or in his personal dealings, can shake the head in deprecation and not stand self-convicted of cant.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

MEDIEVAL MYSTICISM OF INDIA *

The most remarkable feature of the Indian people is their power of assimilation and the most noted characteristic of Indian history is its continuity. These features are best illustrated in the life and actions of the numerous medieval saints who tried to bring about a synthesis between Islam and Hinduism. The great seers belonged to the masses, and, in the words of Tagore, "Whatever they have realised or expressed was 'not by means of intellect or much learning of the sacred lore'." The spring of this sādhanā was within the innermost heart of the people and in its flow broke all barriers of rules, prescriptive or proscriptive. This is a valuable part of our historical heritage, and Prof. Kshitimohan Sen has renderd yeoman service to the cause of Indian history by bringing out his *Medieval Mysticism of India,* a work well conceived and magnificently executed.

Professor Sen rightly divides the great reformers, in the picturesque language of the Bāuls, into two classes, the "fellows with a long tether" and the "fellows with no tether," *i. e.*, reformers who remained within the limits prescribed by the scriptures and the saints who broke down all such barriers. The history of the reformers begins with the famous Makhdūm Saiyad Ali al Hūjwiri, an inhabitant of Ghazni "who travelled over many countries and finally made Lahore the field of his spiritual exercises." His *Kashf-al-Mahjab* is a valuable help for the Sādhakas of the Sūfī class. He exhorted the people to take a vow of poverty, to dissociate themselves from worldly objects, to abandon the ego and to cut down the unnatural relationships of possession and exploitation. He believed in "introspection, meditation, control of breath and uttering of *mantras*" as the means of making progress towards Fanā (annihilation of the ego) but most of all he depended upon the divine grace. Even to this day he is honoured equally by both the Hindus and the Moslems of the Punjab. Hūjwiri's famous disciple Muinuddin Chishti (1142–1236) brought both the Hindus and Moslems together "in their quest of the Supreme."

The Husaini Brāhmanas of Rajputana "have Hindu beliefs, customs and rituals together with Mahomedan ideas and practices." Similarly the followers of the Imam-Shahi sect "invoke the authority of the Atharva Veda and of Niṣkalaṇka...the great apostle of Hindu-Mahomedan synthesis." Nizāmuddin Auliā, Farīduddin Shakarganj, Shāh Kalandar, Karim Shāh, whose "biography is written in a language which is a strange admixture of Persian and Sindhi," and Shāh Inayat, etc., are great names in Sūfī history. Karim Shāh got initiation in spiritual life at the hands of a Hindu saint, while Shāh Inayat endangered his life in saving many Hindu families from

* *Medieval Mysticism of India.* By KSHITIMOHAN SEN. Translated from the Bengali by MANOMOHAN GHOSH, with a Foreword by RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Luzac and Co., London.)

the persecution of the Moslem rulers of Sindh who were "seeking merit by making converts to Islam under the threat of the sword." Shāh Latīf is even now remembered by the people of Sindh and the songs of Bedil and Bekas appeal equally to all religious-minded people.

This liberal spirit was not confined to Sindh. Bābā Fattu of Kangra, who attained the spiritual summits through the grace of a Hindu saint Gulab Singh, Mihr Shāh of Jhang who got enlightenment after discipleship to a Moslem saint, are still honoured by both Hindus and Moslems of the Punjab. In Gujarat the Khojas and the followers of Musā Suhāg are evidently influenced by the tenets and beliefs of Hinduism, while the interesting Pirana Panth worship Niṣkalaṇka. The famous Mussulman lady, Tāj, wrote devotional songs on Krishna, and who has not heard the name of Ras-khan? Jayasi occupies a pre-eminent position amongst writers on mysticism.

It would be clear from the above that a great experiment in Hindu-Moslem synthesis was carried on during the Middle Ages. Kshitimohan Sen remarks:—

> It occurs very often that a Mussulman is a guru to a Hindu and a Hindu is a guru to a Mussulman. They have carried on their Sadhana not only with the same love but also with the same language.

Extreme obedience to the guru, Upanishadic cosmology, the belief that the creation was a ray of the divine, the fascination for the Sūfīs of the Yoga system and the acceptance of Tantric teachings by some Mohammadan *sādhakas* are some of the influences of Hinduism on Islam. But even "the superstitious side of the two religious systems began to meet." New gods like Satya-Pir were created and legendary heroes began to be worshipped.

The Hindus also were greatly influenced by Islam. By the time of the advent of Islam Hinduism had lost much of its spiritual illumination and the socio-religious system had become blind and lifeless. Islam brought to it new ideas, ideals and creeds. It, in a way, reinforced the attempt of the Tāntras who "accorded the right to the highest form of spiritual self-culture to all persons irrespective of their sex and caste." The Bhāgavata cult also came to the service of the Hindus. In the South the followers of the Āḷvārs adored Aṇdal, a woman of low caste, and Rāmānuja recognised "the vernacular devotional works such as *Tiru Vayamoli* of the Pariah like Thirupam Āḷvār as the Veda of the Vaiṣṇavas."

Chaitanya preached both to the Hindus and the Moslems, and Shankar-Deva of Assam recruited his followers from amongst the aboriginal tribes as well as the Mussulmans. In Maharastra Tukā Rāma and Nāma Deva (the latter belonged to the tailoring profession) won the heart of the people by their message of love and purity. Similarly, Narsī Mehtā was a child of the times, and saints like Brahmānanda and Devānanda "created even amongst the Mussulmans, and Hindus of the Pariah class, an interest for the spiritual life." To the Śaivas,

> religious life was a matter of direct personal experience, and it has seldom any connection with the narrow conception of the Divinity in any material image.

Pattinatthu Pille looks for Him only in the heart and in the love of humanity. Tulsidas and other literary men of the age kindled such a fire in the heart of the common man that it could not be extinguished except by Divine grace.

But all these great saints were conservatives. They did not deviate from the prescribed social code. Neither Mubāraka Shāh, the father of Abul Fazl, Abul Fazl himself nor his brother Faizi nor even Akbar nor later on Dārā Shikoh, dared break from the traditional code. The masses, therefore, threw up their own leaders—the "tetherless ones." Ramānanda declared that "social position should be decided by the excellence of Bhakti and not by birth." He preached in Hindi and called together "all people to the natural festive ground of spiritual culture." His famous disciples came from all castes. Ravidāsa was a shoemaker, Senā a barber and Kabir a Mussulman weaver. All of them have left beautiful sayings but the most important of them all was Kabir.

Kabir was born in a society "where illiteracy and want of education still reigned" and consequently the people "were not at all burdened by the weight of the traditions of the past, and hence were free to see for themselves." His supreme object in life was the uniting of the Hindus and the Moslems; and he declared that "the same God is earnestly sought after in all religions which differ only in naming him." Kabir exercised tremendous influence over the masses of North India and it is evident that Nānaka, Dādu, Jīwana Dāsa, Prema Dāsa, Bijli Khān, Garība Dāsa and Rajjab were moved by his example and precept. Rajjab declared that

> All the world is the Vedas and the entire creation is the Koran. Vain are the efforts of the Pandit and the *Kazi* who consider a mass of dry papers to be their complete world.

He exhorted the people to read "the gospel which is revealed in all the lives."

Neo-Sūfīs like Bawri Saheb, Biru Sahib (a Hindu), Yāri Shāh (a Muslim), Bulla Sahib and many others worked hard to enable man to perceive the *rasa* within himself and not to waste time in trying to "understand it by means of reasoning." Lalbeg, a Chamar by caste, declared that "thought of heaven or hell is fruitless for these two things are within one's own self." Paltu, who said that "God is not the property of any particular sect," hit the mark when he declared that "high caste people have spoilt the low caste ones and have spoilt themselves in consequence." These Sādhakas of medieval India tried to "unite the Hindus and Muslims in love and spiritual efforts" and awakened "among the masses a consciousness of the nobility of human existence." They gave to women also the "natural right to enter into the quest of God." Nānibāi, Mata Bāi, Mira, Aṇḍal, Dayābāi are only a few of the women Sādhakas known to us.

The activities of these saints continued almost till the establishment of the British rule in India. In the eighteenth century Śibnarayan organised a sect which included Hindus, Moslems and Christians, and Bulla Shāh of Kasur declared that only robbers lived in temples, and that scoundrels went to the mosque, but that "God, who is all love," stayed out of all that. Tulsi Sahib, who lived as late as 1842 (a contemporary of Ram Mohan Roy) and Dedhraj declared themselves for the emancipation of man. All these saints

> had a desire to establish through spiritual *sadhana* a brotherhood and a friendly unity among followers of different religions....They have either attained some degree of success or met failure, but a cessation of effort in this

direction never occurred.

There seems " to be an internal urge and anxiety " for the establishment of such a brotherhood, and such a brotherhood must be established. Kshitimohan Sen has done well, in these days of communal turmoil and conflict, to draw our attention to this fact. We can only wish that someone would undertake a study of the subject from the social point of view also.

KRISHNA KUMAR

IS MADHVA'S METAPHYSICS MONISM ? *

When contemporary times are witnessing colossal destruction of everything precious like life and property, and when everywhere there is an incessant cry for something new and original, Vidwan H. N. Raghavendrachar's exposition of the essentials of Madhva's system of Vedanta, in the course of which he has endeavoured to destroy old, traditional and accepted views and to present novel interpretations, may be accorded a ready welcome as being perfectly in consonance with the *Zeitgeist.* In the interests of disinterested philosophical research, however, it must be pointed out that his attempt here to make out that Madhva is a Monist, and that his system of philosophy should be regarded as monistic and not *dualistic,* has not been at all successful. In the opening chapter, the author furnishes " An Introduction to Vedānta Systems. " The second chapter is devoted to an exposition of the basic doctrines of the Advaita Vedanta. Visishtadvaita forms the subject-matter of the third. The principles and the doctrines of Dvaita Vedanta are explained in the fourth. In the fifth and final chapter, the author sums up his conclusions.

In a volume entitled *The Dvaita Philosophy and Its Place in the Vedānta,* it is surprising to find as many as 111 pages, nearly half the book, devoted to a general introduction and to doctrinal summaries of Advaita and Visishtadvaita, knowledge of which might quite well be presumed on the part of students of philosophy proceeding in quest of Madhva's metaphysical treasures. That may perhaps be passed over as a minor point.

In respect of a supremely significant matter, however, it is necessary to join issue with the author. I would invite the attention of readers to the section in the " Conclusion " entitled " The Dvaita Philosophy and Its Place in the Vedānta. " The author argues that because Madhva admits only one Independent Entity, *i. e.,* the Supreme Lord Narayana, and regards *all else* as dependent on the Lord, his philosophy should be styled Monism. He holds that it is " misleading to translate Dvaita Vedānta as dualism. " In the first place it must be emphasized that *Monism is not the only fashionable philosophy of life* or rational world-view. Dualism and Pluralism are at least as respectable.

As a matter of fact, however, unless great violence is done to thought and to language, Madhva's philosophy can never be described as Monism. The

**The Dvaita Philosophy and Its Place in the Vedanta.* By VIDWAN H. N. RAGHAVENDRACHAR, M. A., with a Foreword by A. R. WADIA, B. A. (Cantab.), Bar-at-Law. (University of Mysore Studies in Philosophy No. 1, The University, Mysore. Rs. 3/-)

author is totally mistaken in reducing the issue of monism *versus* pluralism to the category of dependence-and-independence. On the contrary, the issue is directly dependent on the category of existence of the one and the many *qua realities*. Madhva presents his system as dominated by a delightful dichotomy. Reality to him stands dichotomized into Independent (*Svatantra*) and Dependent (*Paratantra*). Though the whole of Reality *minus* the Lord depends on Him, dependence *does not mean a lower degree of reality*. To Madhva, the minutest particle of sand on the shore is as real as the Absolute. That is the radical realism of Madhva. The many real's again naturally make Madhva's system radical pluralism as well. Such a stand is philosophically and pragmatically indispensable, as against the monism and illusionism of Sankara. As Madhva admits only one Independent Entity, his system has to be styled Mono-Theism, but emphatically, *not Monism*.

Indian and European definitions of Monism prove the correctness of the traditional view that Madhva is a dualist or a pluralist. The classic Indian definition is formulated by Sankara himself, who says that an Advaitin is one who holds the doctrine of the oneness of self (*atmaikatva*) and the oneness of all existence. A Dvaitin is one who holds the doctrine of manyness—like Sankhya and Yoga. On this unexceptionable definition of Monism, Madhva *cannot be regarded as a Monist*. Spinoza, for instance, may be taken as typical or representative of European Monism. All finite existence to Spinoza is just a *mode* of Substance. A mode is nothing better than the mere appearance of Bradley. To Madhva finite selves are by no means mere appearance. They are no doubt dependent on the One Supreme Lord, but, none-the-less, they are as real as the One and *not just appearances*. On this definition of Monism, typified by Spinoza, Madhva *cannot be viewed as a Monist*. With many an *obiter dictum* of the author, again, it is impossible to agree, such as that Madhva " holds a balance between Sankaracharya and Ramanujacharya " and so forth. These lead nowhere. One may argue equally legitimately that Ramanujacharya holds a balance between Sankara and Madhva, and that Sankara himself holds a balance between *bheda, abheda,* and *bheda-abheda*. At this rate the complaint that contemporary interpretations of Indian philosophy to Western audiences are fast degenerating and deteriorating into " words, words, words," would be perfectly justified.

None of these remarks, however, would or need prevent one from sincerely congratulating Vidwan Raghavendrachar on his fine attempt at philosophic interpretation and the Mysore University authorities on their excellent idea in inaugurating their series of " Studies in Philosophy " with a work on Madhva.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

EAST AND WEST *

The work under review is, in the words of the translator, inspired by the belief that "Eastern traditions are now the only paths leading to that kind of knowledge which could restore order to the world." As the author puts it,

> The situation has grown worse than ever, not merely in....the West, but in the whole world....the true remedy lies in the restoration of pure intellectuality....the East will have to intervene more or less directly... if the restoration is eventually to take place.

Not that the East itself is unaffected by the "ravages of modernisation." But the change in the East does not go into "the heart of tradition," and in any case there is hope in the fact that "the traditional outlook, with all that it implies, should be wholly preserved in some Eastern retreats which are inaccessible to the outward agitation of our age." The author makes a gloomy analysis of the West and pays a flattering tribute to the East, at least in its "retreats." It is important to note that by the terms "the East and the West," he does not imply "simply the opposition of two geographical terms," but the opposition of two outlooks, *viz.*, "the traditional outlook, and the modern or anti-traditional outlook."

The malady of the West is described in the first part of the work under the head "Western Illusions."

> The civilisation of the modern West...is the only one which has developed along purely material lines, and...has been accompanied ...by a corresponding intellectual regress.

This is accompanied by the belief in progress "identified with this material development which absorbs the entire activity of the modern West." This modern outlook is the cause of the West's intellectual ruin. Western science

> is a hopelessly limited knowledge, ignorant of the essential...One of the special features of this Western Science is the pretension of being entirely independent and autonomous. ...The most idle suppositions like that of evolution, for example, take the rank of "laws," and are held for proven....The modern civilisation suffers from a lack of principles, and it suffers from it in every domain; it is, alone among all the others, a civilisation without principles.

The author, therefore, proposes that the aid of the East should be obtained for "the restoration of a real intellectuality" which, "even if at first it was only within a limited elect, appears to be the sole means of putting an end to the mental confusion which reigns in the West."

> The Western outlook must be completely reformed....The West through understanding the Eastern civilisation would come nearer to being brought back into the traditional paths which it so rashly and foolishly broke away from.

It must be gratifying to us of India that the author looks to India for helping the West to come back to its senses. China is ruled out because "the forms in which her doctrines are expressed are really too far remote from the Western mentality," while Islam is ruled out on the other side as "nearest to being like what a traditional Western civilisation would be." Unlike the doctrines of China and of Islam,

> the forms of expression of the Hindu doctrines, can be assimilated with relatively greater ease, and they have in them greater

* *East and West*. By RENE GUENON. Translated by WILLIAM MASSEY. (Luzac and Co., London. Rs. 3/-)

possibilities of adaptation ; India being in the middle is neither too far from the West nor too near her for our present purpose.

It is interesting to recall in this connection that an acute thinker like the late Lowes Dickinson thought, on the other hand, that the Chinese people in their outlook upon life were nearer to the West than the people of India with their metaphysical preoccupations.

What are the processes by which the East is to lead the West out of the intellectual abyss into which it has fallen ? "It is for the West to approach the East, since it is the West that has gone astray." But there must be "no counting on scientific propaganda nor on any other propaganda either, for the bringing together of the East and West." There must be an agreement on principles and then there must be a group of the elect in the West who should interpret the East to the West. In the second part of this book, the author discusses elaborately how these two things are to be done, but unfortunately a good deal of his attention is given to the warning off of certain classes of persons from presuming to undertake this task : thus English translators of Eastern works, German Orientalists, Theosophists, Occultists, the author's contemporaries, scholars and philosophers "who are held to be the greatest authorities in their own special domains," and others with "a sort of preconceived determination not to understand"—all these are summoned by the author one after another and informed in no uncertain terms of their unfitness to join the group of the elect. This peremptory refusal to find room for any of these classes of persons among "the intellectual elect" is not perhaps so harsh as it might appear, since the author goes on to say that "it does not look as if this constitution (of a group of elect) were anything like immediately possible," but when the constitution does take place, the elect will have to work for "the return of the West to a traditional civilisation in its principles and in the whole mass of its institutions."

The process of Education of the West by the East does not imply any fusion, but only mutual understanding between the East and the West.

The thing to be done is not to impose on the West an Eastern tradition whose forms would not correspond to the people's mentality, but to restore the Western tradition with the help of the East.

When the West is once more in possession of a regular and traditional civilisation, then Western civilisation "will communicate permanently with the other civilisations."

In conclusion, it has to be said that the work suffers from too didactic an attitude and a sense of exclusive possession of certain truths, which most of the writer's contemporaries have been denied. This does not help the author to make a really constructive contribution to the task of bringing the East and the West together as much in the realm of thought as they have been brought together in the tasks and conflicts of everyday life.

N. S. SUBBA RAO

India and Democracy. By SIR GEORGE SCHUSTER and GUY WINT. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

It is impossible for any one born and brought up in the English tradition to tell whether this admirable book will be appreciated by Indians. Its great value is undeniable even if the reader disagrees with most of what it contains. The first part, of about 230 pages, is by Mr. Guy Wint who has spent two years in India for the study of the problem of Indian Government. He is chiefly concerned with the historical background of contemporary Indian problems, although he ends his study with a short sketch of the working of the 1935 Act, and of the pressure of political groups in India as compared with China. One chapter gives us a very interesting critical review of Mahatma Gandhi's outlook and influence. The second part of the book, by Sir George Schuster, of about 200 pages, contains an analysis of the actual problems of government in India, and suggestions, not plans, for the solution of the difficulties attendant on the transfer of power from British to Indian hands. Sir George Schuster's excellent service during many years in India, and his deep sympathy with Indian aspirations are evident from what he has written. Perhaps the Indian reader should begin by reading the epilogue to the book, in which Sir George Schuster replies to questions which he believes would be asked by any Indian who distrusted the British Government and the British people.

It would be useless to criticise the analysis of the problem. Any analysis must necessarily omit certain factors in so complex a situation as that in India. Perhaps, however, the historical summary does not give sufficient weight to economic issues and the political analysis underestimates the force of what has been called "colour prejudice" on the part of Englishmen. In any case, the problem of government is the chief subject of the book: and the writers are firm believers in democracy as a social ideal, and in some form of the democratic system of government as the best means for approaching that ideal. It is assumed that the welfare of the great majority of ordinary Indian workers is the main purpose of government and that, secondly, so far as the political system is concerned, "the essence of democracy is the ability of a people to organise themselves voluntarily."

Granted these assumptions, the argument of the book is worthy of the highest praise. Indeed it is one of the best recent examples of English political thinking; and even those who may be inclined to be critical of Sir George Schuster's suggestions, will derive great benefit from his brilliant advocacy of them. He is against a Constituent Assembly and proposes the formation of a small Body for devising a practical scheme for the future government of India. He shows the importance of the "Crown," that is to say, the permanence of the Executive Power, in the English tradition, and the essential need of a political connection between India and the British Commonwealth. Neither of the writers, however, seems to notice adequately the fact that the British Government in India is a dictatorship—efficient and benevolent, no doubt, but still a dictatorship. Congress, which seems to the British to be aiming at a party

dictatorship, cannot therefore be criticised on the ground that it is not "democratic." In all dictatorships the problem of succession to power tends to obscure the other problem of a change in the character of power during an advance towards democracy. But the difficulties in promoting democracy in India seem to be due chiefly, not to the character of the Indian problem, but to the fact that the British Government there is a dictatorship.

C. DELISLE BURNS

The Indian States' Problem. By M. K. Gandhi. (Navajivan Press, Ahmedabad. Rs. 4/-)

The Indian problem, complicated as it is by minorities and vested interests, is rendered more so by the existence of nearly 600 States varying in size, composition and status, the yellow spaces rather inharmoniously mixing on the map with the red. The book under review brings together all that Gandhiji has said or written on the States' Problem during the last twenty-five years. Part II contains texts of relevant documents and supplementary writings on the subject by other writers but approved by Gandhiji, while Part III includes the latest literature from *Harijan* up to the date of its suspension of publication.

Gandhiji does not propose to do away with the Princely Order; he insists only that its members should outgrow their autocracy and their reactionary tendency. The States' problem is twofold—to evolve responsible government within their borders, and to fit into a scheme of Federation. Responsible government is an issue by itself; "Political reform in the States is overdue and has to come irrespective of Federation." The Paramount Power has made it explicit that it will not hinder any progressive reform initiated by the Princes. But the States' people have to depend on their own resources. The Haripura Resolution but sets its seal on the policy of non-intervention consistently adhered to by the Congress since 1920. Gandhiji, however, explains that this is no principle; it is just "a limitation imposed on itself by the Congress for its own sake and that of the people of the States" and is liable to be modified in altered conditions.

Gandhiji deals on their merits with questions as they arise—with the disturbances in Travancore, Mysore, Jaipur, Raunpur, Hyderabad, Talcher, Dhenkanal and finally with the Rajkot imbroglio. The last has a more than political significance; it vividly illustrates the Gandhian technique with its dramatic decisions, its halts, recantations and resumptions, its steady and sober lines of persistence, its moods of introspection, its confident direction, and, above all, its high humanity and chastened spirit. Rajkot has meant insistence on greater rigour and purity of experiment.

The reactions of British India, the awakening among the States' subjects, the discreet sense of the Princes themselves, the revolutionary drift of world politics and the irresistible urge of the Time-Spirit promise the speedy fruition of democracy in the States and the emergence of a Federal India at no distant date. This book is a vital contribution to the subject.

A. VENKAPPA SASTRI

Census of India, 1941. Vol. XVII. Baroda : Some Results of the Census of 1941, with Tables and Subsidiary Tables. By SATYA VRATA MUKERJEA. (Baroda State Press. Rs. 6/–)

A Census Report, although it is inevitably overloaded with tables, maps and diagrams, always makes interesting reading. These dry-as-dust tables are indeed the perpetually shifting readings of the mechanism of social phenomena. Human vicissitudes are here photographed for our amusement and edification, and they can be scrutinised at our leisure as if they were a moving picture. Even if the bare statistics alone are given, the earnest reader can generally draw his own conclusions. But the Baroda Census Commissioner has added illuminating comments of his own to the tables, maps and diagrams, and these make the book under notice a veritable record of the social and economic history of Baroda State during the past ten years.

One or two special features revealed by the Census Report may be here emphasized. While the population of the State as a whole has increased by 16.6 per cent., the figures show that the general movement of population is still from the village to the town. The present census shows that within a decade the number of towns has increased by fourteen while the number of villages has decreased by twenty-four. This must be true also of other parts of India. In these days of air power, it is more than ever necessary to disperse the population in villages. The slogan of renascent India should be to urbanise the villages, not to depopulate them. Industries likewise should be scattered all over the country, but at the same time they should be effectually linked by means of good roads and efficient methods of transport. This alone would make for a more rational and healthy life and also facilitate national planning on a broad base.

For the most part, the figures show that Baroda *is* among the major progressive States of India. The progress recorded during the past ten years in industrialisation, social reform, public health and education is distinct and wholly commendable. Appendix II, regarding the Library organization in Baroda State, is particularly illuminating. Within ten years the number of libraries has increased from 774 to 1295, a rate of progress truly phenomenal. These 1295 libraries, which include 1219 village libraries and 29 libraries exclusively intended for women, stock over eleven lakhs of books and are made use of by over two lakhs of readers. Besides these stationary libraries, the State maintains 622 travelling libraries which annually cater to the needs of over ten lakhs of readers.

The student of social phenomena will thus find in the Baroda Census Report a mine of useful information. There are even items to amuse him, for instance the section on the Baroda centenarians ; and it is satisfactory to note that at least to one enumerator God Mahadev is enough of a reality in this godless world to be included in his census returns !

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Peacock Angel: Being Some Account of Votaries of a Secret Cult and Their Sanctuaries. By E. S. DROWER. (John Murray, London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is a straightforward account of a little-known mountain-tribe in Irak. It contains some forty photographs which, though not taken with much discrimination, help the reader to fly on a magic carpet to that remote country. The author is well qualified, by her long residence there, to give us some sense of the manners and the ideas of the Yazidis. Lady Drower was not able to discover their secret, perhaps because they themselves have forgotten what it was, but she satisfied herself that their Moslem neighbours are wrong in supposing that they are devil-worshippers.

The Yazidis cherish a vague notion that the universe is managed by what an Irish poet, describing the rainbow, called

> "The Lord's Seven Spirits who shine through the rain,"

and that the highest member of this heptarchy has a form which is reproduced upon earth in the splendour of the peacock. It is therefore known as the Peacock Angel. Lady Drower, however, has to endorse the wistful verdict of M. Roger Lescot who observed that "the list of the Seven varied with every person whom I questioned." The fact is that these obscure people are not able to explain their ideas because the ideas are now fossilised. Routine and custom have taken the place of active speculation.

Lady Drower has had the good sense to record the Yazidi superstitions concerning menstruation and childbirth, events which always dismay the primitive mind, and in this way she has provided valuable material for the study of anthropology and useful footnotes for any work by a future disciple of Golden-Bough Frazer.

For us it is sufficient to notice that the Yazidis have a strong sense of rank ; but that, after all, is so widespread among unsophisticated peoples that we might call it an innate part of the human mind. The conception of equality or democracy is so late a growth that it may even be something which the soul is not able to assimilate. "The Pope of the cult," we read, "is the Baba Shaikh...he is the head of all the shaikhs, who constitute the highest order of priesthood" : and it is interesting to note the prevalence of the father-image in the word "Baba" which is, of course, one with "Papa" and with "Pope."

Lady Drower is obviously sympathetic to the theory, if we must call it so, of reincarnation, and she tried hard to find out the exact form in which the somnambulistic mind of the Yazidi conceives it. A priest told her that "the souls of the wicked go into the bodies of beasts or reptiles, that is their hell, but for the obstinately wicked there is a hell of fire from which there is no emergence except," he added, "that none knows what the mercy of Allah may do." The author also tells us, as the result of many enquiries, that according to these people,

> An evil man may be reincarnated as a horse, a mule or a donkey, to endure the blows which are the lot of pack-animals, or may fall yet lower and enter the body of a toad or scorpion. But the fate of most is to be reincarnated into men's bodies, and of the good into those of Yazidis.

The Balinese, on the other hand, are quite sure that deserving souls are reborn in Bali !

CLIFFORD BAX

Magic and Divination. By RUPERT GLEADOW. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

What It All Means. By L. STANLEY JAST, M. A. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., London. 6*s.*)

It is not easy to see what either author means by Magic, though phenomena occupy a large space in both volumes. Mr. Jast attempts a definition :—

"Magic is any effects produced by a knowledge and manipulation of forces and matter which exist beyond and above the plane of the physical, the means being primarily themselves non-physical.

But one suspects him of knowing another definition, by a writer whose source material is freely at the disposal of modern commentators. Wrote H. P. Blavatsky,

" Magic " is the science of communicating with and directing supernal, supramundane Potencies, as well as of commanding those of the lower spheres ; a practical knowledge of the hidden mysteries of nature known to only the few, because they are so difficult to acquire, without falling into sins against nature.

All this is far removed from much of the ceremonial, sympathetic and symbolical magic with which our authors are concerned. None-the-less, both of these books are portents in their way. Their approach to the subjects with which they deal is free from the flippancy and the prejudice that too often characterize the treatment of the unfamiliar. Mr. Gleadow even goes so far as to include in his pages short biographies of Agrippa, Paracelsus, Nostradamus and Cagliostro, not to speak of Apollonius of Tyana, which are remarkable for the absence of the old gibes and taunts. His attitude is clear from this short extract from his chapter on " Magic in Modern Times " :—

Had the beliefs of Apollonius prevailed instead of those of the Church fathers there would have been no heresy-hunting, no religious fanaticism, and by reflection a much more tolerant intellectual attitude in Europe. ...The object of the ancient initiations was understanding, not mere belief, which was considered as superstition ; the object of the church was the blind faith which makes understanding irrelevant. Hence the attempt to destroy the magical tradition.

It is to be regretted that neither he nor Mr. Jast pursued his studies to the point of distinguishing between the noetic and the terrestrial exercise of the magical faculties. Mr. Jast accepts as fundamental bases of his thinking the twin doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. His book is simply written and is likely to have a wide appeal in the face of much that is happening in the world today. He has little mercy upon those who are fond of using the phrase " Christian civilisation, " and, as to Christianity itself, he writes :—

So that when we speak of " world " Christianity we are deceiving ourselves if we imagine that the designation implies a coherent and integrated body of beliefs, the same in essentials for all the members of that body; we are merely collecting under a generic name a congeries of beliefs of the most diverse character, drawn from the most diverse sources, and ranging from an exalted spirituality to a childish, and, in some cases, debasing superstition.

Mr. Jast, however, is on highly speculative ground when he writes of Transubstantiation as a sacramental change " effected by the co-operation of priest and the angelic principalities and powers. " Who or what is his authority for this assertion as to a rite which was common to many ancient nations ?

There is a great need for the applica-

tion of the ideas comprised in the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma to all departments of human thought and activity, and it is much to be hoped that readers of these books will be led to a deeper study of the subjects dealt with, and to a realization " that magical, *i. e.*, spiritual powers exist in every man, " and that their development exacts the utmost discipline and self-conquest.

B. P. HOWELL

Argument of Blood : The Advancement of Science. By JULIAN HUXLEY. *Science in Chains.* By SIR RICHARD GREGORY. *Minds in the Making.* By E. R. DODDS. (*Macmillan War Pamphlets Nos. 11, 12* and *14*, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 3*d*. each)

These three " Macmillan War Pamphlets " deal with the same subject—Nazism's dragooning of the German mind to its own rigid shape—from almost the same point of view. Julian Huxley first looks back to the great German scientific achievements of the past, then turns to the present degradation of the universities and of all scientific research which does not contribute directly to the making of war. His treatment is factual though necessarily (in forty-eight pages) highly selective. Sir Richard Gregory deals rather more generally with the lot of the scientific worker in Germany and, very briefly, in the German-occupied countries. Professor Dodds has something to say of the universities but more of the transformation of the elementary and secondary schools. All three are informative in the sense of supplying specific detail on a matter surely broadly familiar to all of us today. All three portray a disastrous state of things (most of all for Germany), the remedy for which must grow more difficult with every passing year.

But although Professor Dodds stresses our need for " a true understanding of the enemy's mind, distorted neither by hatred nor by the illusions of an impatient philanthropy, " what each of these three writers fails even to attempt to make clear is why a country with a great scientific and educational tradition such as Germany's should have fallen (and fallen is the right word) for such Nazi nonsense—scientifically—as the ideas of " race " and " blood " and a specifically German or National-Socialist " truth. " These things have been too much scorned (above all by scientists who should by their calling know better) as scientifically absurd and therefore beneath consideration, whereas what would be really illuminating would be a genuinely objective study of the emotional compulsion of these ideas in their German setting and as preached by Hitler. The understanding we need is not of their folly but of their power, and also perhaps of their direct relation to Hitler's military and social strategies. The temperance fanatic who knows nothing of the compelling power of alcohol will never get very far with the drunkard who feels it in his bones !

GEOFFREY WEST

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The recently published work of the veteran Indian scholar and publicist, Dr. Bhagavan Das of Benares, *World War and Its Only Cure—World Order and World Religion,* is a powerful plea for human brotherhood and puts forward for the post-war reconstruction of society the traditional and sound Indian principles of social organisation. No one can fail to see reason in Dr. Bhagavan Das's insistence on the nations' first formulating clearly the goal and then the means by which to reach it. He puts in a form at once more homely and more graphic Coleridge's warning that "to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favourable," when he writes :—

> Even an uneducated village-man, when he goes to the booking-clerk at a Railway Station, does not say merely "Give me a ticket," he also says "for such a particular place"; he does not say merely "for travel, for victory, for freedom," as the Leaders of the Nations, super-educated, super-clever, super-men are doing.

Earnestly he presents the international issue, "Make Peace or Perish"; "Unite or Perish." He believes that in the present temper of mankind an overwhelming victory by either side would be fraught with grave danger. So he urges that Gandhiji and the Congress issue a "Call to all belligerents to announce an armistice and place their respective schemes of a 'Better World,' before the world, and before a representative international committee."

Such a call is overdue, though whether it will be heeded or even heard until the din and the clash of arms dies from sheer exhaustion of the combatants, who can say? If any voice can rise above the tumult now it will be that of individual men of peace. By all means let such call, and call again!

The great cosmopolitan gathering in Bombay on the 31st of January in which Hindus, Parsis and Christians joined with Muslims to honour the memory of the Muslim martyr to principle, Hazrat Imam Hussain, was a convincing demonstration no less of the essential unity of India than of the reverence for nobility that is innate in man and that cuts across all barriers of race, colour and creed. Many belonging to the Hindu community, including Gandhiji, Pandit Nehru, Babu Rajendra Prasad and the Rt. Hon. Mr. M. R. Jayakar, sent their messages for the occasion. Sir S. Radhakrishnan presided and several stirring speeches were made. Shri B. G. Kher, former Prime Minister of Bombay, told the dramatic story of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain nearly thirteen hundred years ago. In preferring death to dishonour he had taught a glorious lesson.

> Even in our times there are men who choose the path of suffering for the sake of truth and love and defy the mightiest power on earth rather than give up their self-respect and sacrifice their principles and it is they who truly honour the memory of Hussain.

"Think Indian," the slogan coined by Mr. M. R. A. Baig, the Sheriff of Bombay, in his address before the Progressive Group on 5th February, is one of those phrases that, once put in circulation, work their own magic on the minds of men. There is much to be said for his proposal that a "Think Indian" campaign be launched for the solution of our communal problem. *The Bombay Chronicle* quotes him as saying that

> the communal problem was neither a geographical problem that could be solved by "Akhand Hindustan" nor a problem that could be solved by any Hindu-Muslim pact under which one side remained Hindu and the other Muslim. It was purely a psychological problem and, if we thought Indian, we would all be Indian.

To "think Indian" carries no threat to any other nation or people; it is rather to remember together our great common heritage of high ideals and noble examples set. Let every Indian say "I am an Indian" before he remembers that he is Hindu, Muslim, Jain or Jew, man or woman, brown or white, and India will present to the world an unbreakable unity, non-aggressive, but with such majesty of moral might that none will dare deny her her just due.

Women, Sir S. Radhakrishnan said on February 1st in his presidential address at the Silver Jubilee function of the Shrimati Nathibai Damodar Thackersey College for Women, Bombay, had always been the teachers of men in delicacy, charm, modesty and refinement. He ascribed many of the world's current ills to women's having ceased to inspire and to teach. He described as a denial of the democratic ideal the claim that women were not different from men, that they were men's equals and that there was therefore no need for any special instruction for them.

> Democracy did not mean a complete equalisation of human nature but rather the providing of equal opportunities for the development of diverse gifts of diverse people ....Each should be given ample scope and complete opportunity of development.... Women should be the inspirers of men, not their imitators.

The present civilisation, he declared, with the maladjustments, the decay, the collapse of human values which marked it, had brain, it had will; but it had no heart, no soul. Men had become cold and callous like the machines they were handling; women could impart a little more tenderness and affection to men, inspiring their children with a greater regard for love and truth.

Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, in moving a vote of thanks, suggested pertinently that if grace was the ornament of women, justice was the decoration of man. Women might not want to live in competition but they certainly wanted to live in comradeship. They wanted equality of opportunity but also they "believed in co-responsibility, in living together and dying together for the great vision."

The vast extension in the purview of Indian history which recent historical research has opened up was dwelt upon by Dr. R. C. Majumdar, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dacca, in a speech at the Annamalai University on January 7th.

The old fiction that India was a unique country with a peculiar civilisation and without contact in antiquity with the outside world had been demolished by the discovery of proofs of

Indian influence in the Netherlands East Indies, Malaya, Thailand and Indo-China.

There were today found in those countries hundreds of temples, thousands of inscriptions in Sanskrit and hundreds of books written in manuscripts based on the *Ramayana, Smrithis* and *Puranas*. That was really an interesting study of what might be called the projection of Indian civilisation and culture to the Far East.

Dr. Majumdar referred to discoveries in the Gobi deserts and in Egypt as proving the spread of Indian civilisation also in other directions.

There was indeed, a time when the ancient nations of the West must have included under the generic name of India many of the countries of Asia now classified under other names. There was an Upper, a Lower, and a Western India. Some ancient classics call Iran Western India. Tibet, Mongolia and Great Tartary were considered as forming part of India. When we say that India has civilised the world it is that greater, archaic, prehistoric India we mean.

The *Annual Report, 1940* of the All India Village Industries Association is an account of earnest work carried on in the face of great financial and other difficulties, a sortie by a few noble fighters against the all but impregnable mountain of difficulties that darken and constrict the lives of the village masses. Creditable achievements in the promotion of many types of subsidiary industries are reported, as also in the popularising of hand-pounded rice and other dietary reforms. The villager's conservatism is not the only or even the chief obstacle to better nutrition.

He cannot effect changes even if he would, for lack of the necessary means. When he lives from hand to mouth he can only eat what his few pice will bring him.

An instructive point comes out in connection with the uphill task of improving sanitation in selected villages, namely, that while temporary results may be hoped for from the enthusiasm of village improvement workers there is no building for permanency without securing the intelligent co-operation of the villager himself. Superimposed standards are ephemeral. Only the education in hygiene of both children and adults can enlist their support for sanitary measures. The wisest of teachers can but act as sign-posts. They point the way, but it is for those they teach to walk it.

The "health units" set up in Delhi and in the provinces of Bombay, Madras, Bengal and the United Provinces, which are described in *Science and Culture* for January, are even more valuable as demonstrations of possibilities in rural public health service and as training-schools for democracy than for their tangible achievements. These units, substantially endowed by the Rockefeller Foundation and helped by advice from the resident staff of its International Health Division, serve a population of perhaps 40,000 each. The staff includes doctors, sanitary inspectors, health visitors, midwives, a clerk and servants. Village sanitary needs are discussed with a member of the health unit staff at the monthly meetings of the committee of the health league developed in each village; and the order for taking up the various items of work is determined, including clean-up days, arrangements for sewage disposal, the provision of improved ventilation of houses, etc.

These village health leagues are a hopeful feature of the scheme, in these days of increasing government from above, for the entire village population constitutes the membership of each league and every villager has a voice in its deliberations. They seem to offer practical lessons in co-operative effort that should be of immense use when—we do not say if—the Indian village as a political unit once more comes into its own.

Prof. Tan Yun-Shan, head of the Visva-Bharati China Bhavan, addressing the inaugural meeting of the Progressive Cultural Association at Calcutta on January 25th, stressed the special responsibility of the thinkers of India and of China, who are the representatives of the oldest living cultures, not only for helping to overcome the Nazi and Japanese aggressors, but also " to pave the way to permanent peace and absolute freedom for all the peoples and nations in the world after the war. "

That intellectuals everywhere have a grave responsibility in connection with the defeat of subversive ideologies is undeniable. But ideas are not killed by mass attack. Brute force is powerless on the plane of thought. It is not the denouncing of the shadows that banishes night, but the rising of the sun in its glory. Polemics cannot cure the world mind ; only the Sun of Truth, the presentation of sound concepts such as form the heritage of India, and of China too, can kill the germs of Nazi infection.

We cannot agree with the verdict of Prof. Humayun Kabir if in his presidential address on the same occasion he said, as the press reports, that "politics and economics were the very foundation of culture. " The foundation of civilisation in one sense they may be, but civilisation is not culture. Culture is the flower of the mind and the spirit and, given a modicum of freedom of expression and even maintenance subsistence, the human management of the material world concerns it little. H. P. Blavatsky once wrote :—

> Whether the physical man be under the rule of an empire or a republic concerns only the man of matter. His body may be enslaved ; as to his Soul, he has the right to give to his rulers the proud answer of Socrates to his Judges. They have no sway over the *inner* man.

Shri N. Madhava Rao, Dewan of Mysore, whose speech opening the Indian Historical Records Commission's Exhibition at Mysore on January 22nd *The Hindu* reports, stressed the importance of preserving the raw materials of history. Such an exhibition as that at Mysore should enlist more widespread and intelligent lay co-operation in the discovery and the protection of such often undervalued survivals as old documents, obsolete coins and tarnished copper-plate inscriptions out of which the trained interpreter could weave the fabric of history.

But, important as is the preservation of artifacts and of archæological remains, they are, after all, but the bare bones of history. The historian who interprets them clothes them with the flesh and blood of verisimilitude but to make history a living force in the present it is necessary that we study its lessons and assimilate them. And there is no lesson of history more insistent than that only that which is rooted in the Imperishable—the Divine

in man and Truth itself—survives. Beauty of form is ephemeral; beauty of concept grows with the passage of time; goods are destroyed; goodness is a deathless inspiration; lies perish; Truth remains; the Soul of Man moves ever up and on.

Field Marshal Smuts is reported in a Capetown despatch of 22nd January to have emphasised, in an address to the South African Institute of Race Relations, the need for attention to the health, education, housing and economic condition of the Africans. In contrast to the Nazi conception of race deification, he declared, "we want European contact to mean for Africa, and South Africa in particular, a blessing, and not a blight."

It is quite true that the attitude of racial superiority of the English and the Dutch in South Africa has not been formulated verbally with Nazi bombast, but actions have a speech of their own and any one familiar with the history of race relations in Africa may well wonder how disinterested and sincere is the concern of the white settlers with the welfare of their coloured fellow-citizens, African or Indian. Are "we" who speak "we, the European settlers" or "we, Field Marshal Smuts" and perhaps a handful more who are free from the folly of race prejudice?

The Buddha's injunction to his disciples, "Live, hiding your good works, and showing your sins," can never have been very popular and certainly there is not a warring nation at the present day that would not plead *non possumus*. What would become of propaganda if it were accepted? What would become of the complacency with which so many among the enemies of Germany are contemplating a tutorial rôle in that country, if even occasionally and privately they could forget their overwhelming virtues and recall their slips and errors?

That complacency receives a rude shock from Mr. P. Lamartine Yates, who writes on "The Future of Germany" in the *Fabian Quarterly*, Autumn 1941, outlining a rational socialist policy for Germany after the war. He recognises that Nazism is an evil thing and that to destroy the régime it is necessary to conquer the German people because they support it; he approves stern but just treatment of the vanquished, but "no revenge....no condescension, no spiritual arrogance."

> In current talk one continually hears such phrases as "re-educating Germany for democracy," "leading her back to mental health and psychological equilibrium," as if we British had a monopoly of virtue and wisdom ....The whole welter of war propaganda which we imbibe necessarily over-simplifies the issues, exaggerating both our virtues and German wickedness. We are seeing everything through coloured spectacles.

The British must be ready, he says, to admit to the Germans after the war that they had helped to shape the historical circumstances through which the Germans had come to believe in the perverse creed of Nazism, and that

> we as a nation have also believed in very anti-social things inimical to world peace. These beliefs must be given up too. We must both of us try to develop new ideas and a new attitude which shall promote international friendship rather than friction and strife.

The temporary occupation of Germany after its defeat may, Mr. Yates believes, be a necessity, but he warns that occupation is always a double-edged weapon and cautions against

creating in Germany "a situation similar to the British Raj in India,—a reiterated demand for self-government being always evaded and postponed."

None who can read the writing on the wall can doubt that whatever be the post-war political structure Socialism in some form there is bound to be. It behoves us, therefore, to consider seriously the type of Socialism that we want. Mr. G. D. H. Cole's closely reasoned "Letter to an Industrial Manager" (*Fabian Letter No. 1*, The Fabian Society, London. 3*d.*) is therefore pertinent. He repudiates maximum profit as the test of the worthwhileness of production, instead of maximum usefulness. He puts forward the old Socialist demands for the public ownership of land and of the large-scale industries and for a less uneven distribution of income, so that there may be greater equality of opportunity than exists today among the children of the rich and of the poor.

Planned industry with maximum welfare as its objective, the combining of business efficiency with service, the treating of human beings as such and not as machines—no right-thinking individual will deny these as desiderata, however many obstacles lack of wisdom may put in the way of their harmonious achievement.

One point which he makes echoes Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, a proposition none-the-less reasonable for being generally repudiated by our topsyturvydom, that the *real* cost of every unit of output must be recognised "as including the amount of unpleasantness that goes to its making." The complicated structure of our urban life makes division of labour necessary and in that division it is inevitable that some should take up unpleasant tasks on behalf of the community. In all justice, the rewards for such labour should be commensurate with their disagreeableness. The very reverse obtains: those who perform for us such tasks as scavenging, without which pestilence would walk our streets, are all too commonly looked down upon, wretchedly housed and miserably paid.

We have no sympathy with the pseudo-socialism that, in the name of an equality that does not and cannot exist among men at different stages of mental and moral growth, would bring about a dead level of mediocrity. But we have every sympathy with all well-considered efforts to lift all to as high a level as any have reached. True Socialism would not raze but would raise, and aim at the removal not only of the mere luxurious materialism in which greater civilisations than ours have been smothered, but also of penury in every form, and not of poverty of purse alone.